Fannie P. Hardy
Mch. 5. 1886

Smith College, In the hat-buds

Northampton, Mass. Mch. 5. 1886.

Mr. William Brewster,

Dear Sir:

The A. O. U. committee's work has attracted much attention here, and the girls, led by Miss Florence Merriam, are forming a society for the preservation of birds and the better acquaintance with their habits and use. By Wednesday next we hope to have a meeting for considering a constitution and choice of

officers. About forty have given in their names already, prominent among whom are the ladies of the faculty. The first condition of membership is that members shall wear no birds, wings, or feathers (except ostrich plumes) as adornments, and that they shall try to persuade as many as possible in other colleges, schools and at home, to discontinue the wearing of birds. But quite a little discussion has arisen about the ostrich plumes (which Mr. Bicknell said were not

under the ban); and, being unable to answer these myself I appeal to you for any authorities or information which you may have at hand.

1. From what birds do the so-called "plumes" of the markets come? How are they obtained?

2. How are the ostrich plumes obtained, and does it cause the bird much pain?

3. How are we going to tell the real from the false, when dealers find that the real is in demand?

There is also one more point. I have heard considerable talk about the cruelties of taxidermy, and the special instance cited is that humming birds are skinned alive to preserve the brilliancy of the colors. I have seen this

stated before in papers, and, I think, in Fred. A. Obe's Camps in the Carribees but never have believed it, since my own Taxidermical experience shows that such a process would be too difficult to pay the operation and since I also discredited any gain in coloration; but, not being able to contradict the story flatly, and seeing how effective it was, I have merely answered that I had seen the statement myself but knew nothing about it! If you know anything will you please be so kind as to write, for it does not seem to me a fine thing for a good cause to be helped on by untruths or by suspected statements.

Any information which you can give us will be an aid to our society and a favor to Miss Merriam and myself.

Yours respectfully,

Fannie P. Hardy
(Berner, Maine)

address - Box 26 - Smith College

(1) 10/22/87

Miss Hardy
Mch. 24, 1886

Smith College,

Northampton, Mass. Mch 24 1886

Mr. Wm Brewster

Dear Sir, -

The Smith College Audubon Society has empowered me to extend to you a cordial invitation to address the Society at its first regular meeting (about Apr. 16) upon any topic connected with birds or the observation of nature. The society has little to promise except an enthusiastic but ignorant audience which will listen most attentively and believe

everything you say. Owing to the great poverty of the society it will be able to offer no pecuniary equivalent for the valuable time which you would expend, but it will gladly pay all expenses incurred, in case you are able to accept the invitation, and will feel duly grateful for the favor.

A word about your possible future audience. We are all lamentably ignorant, the officers scarcely less so than the members. As my

this teaches says, she does not know ~~the~~ note of any bird except the crow; all the rest say chick! chick! Some of the girls have actually never seen more than four or five kinds of live birds to know them; the crow, the English sparrow, the robin, and blue-bird are all they can recognize. There has been started, however, in connection with the Society, an observation class under the charge of a committee of the faculty, for the "close and accurate observation of nature". The committee, with two honorable

exceptions, know nothing about the work, but Miss Merriam is still here! It is good to see the enthusiasm of the girls, some have borrowed of me a copy of Samuels' Birds of New Eng. and have worked for home over the dry descriptions of genera & species - They confess that they do not fully comprehend it but the study is fascinating for all that. The girls are enthusiastic over their observations and are off on tramps early & late, putting down their observations carefully and seem

29 Mar 86

Smith College,

Northampton, Mass. 188

conscientiously noting the direction in which the crows are flying! I am afraid Mrs. Sage will be deluged with Northampton notes. One girl who has stripped all the feathers from her hats, is now trying to hire small boys to kill her birds to skin, — all in the interests of science of course, and I, remembering that I was a Taxidermist before I was a bird defender,

I am helping her on in it.
Half a dozen more are only
waiting till they can get
some birds to work. But all
these are of the biology
class and don't mind about
killing things. The rest are
much more tender hearted
and think Nature is a god-
-dess and Thoreau is the
prophet of Nature

If you will come and
give us an account of
some trip which you have
made to Labrador or Florida
or the West, with the flash
of camp life or yachting

of experience and I
with Preservation will in the
foreground, collecting Gifts in
the shadow; or some popular
account of birds, their habits
and homes; or anything which
which may recommend you especially
to [illegible] be [illegible] of an au-
dience.

The opening meeting will be
held soon after the beginning
of the spring term, about after
15 or 20th Feb. If, in case you
should be willing to come and
speak to us, that date should
not be convenient and you should
prefer the meeting on June 15th
you may have your choice of
dates. Undoubtedly by June

the girls will be a little more critically appreciative of what you would have to say, and if it would be any attraction, the new Science building will be completed by that time and the tiny collections rapidly increased.

It seems like presumption to ask you to come & spend your time to instruct us, but Miss Merriam & myself are anxious to have at least one speaker next term whose observations we can trust, and who knows enough about the facts to make his talk true as well as pleasant. We think you are the man to do it.

I believe I have not thanked you for the information given about ostrich plumes etc. It was of use to us.

Requesting an early answer

I am Yours very respectfully

Fannie P. Hara,

Box 26 - Smith College -

Smith College,

Northampton, Mass. 188

Conscientiously noting the decrease in birds the Good are flying! Seems esplain Mr. Sage will be delayed with Northampton votes. The girl who had stripped all the feathers from her hat, is now trying to have enough boys to hold her boas & muffs, — all in the interests of science, of course, & remembering that I was a backsliding before I owe a bird defender.

377 Pine St.
Providence. R. I.
Oct 5. 1897.

Dear Mr. Brewster:

Would it be troubling you too much to inquire whether there has been any authentic denial of my father's observations in the Bull. Nutt. Orn. Club VI. 125 indicating that the ♂ Leach's Petrel does not of the nesting?

I know that Mr. Harry Merrill replied in VI. 247. denying the accusation; but as his

object was, separately avowed, to contradict whatever my father said and as I do not think his word should be held of greater authority than my father's in any matter of close observation, I would like to know whether the case cited by my father is regarded as an isolated one or whether the same has been observed elsewhere.

Although I might cite Taylor's story of the Parallons for the Ashy Petrel, and the similar action of the Phalaropes are well known; but I particularly desired some further information on Leach's Petrel.

I know my father was not mistaken. We were working together, he skinning & I making out labels & making the skins — (and I well remember what a nuisance poor Ch they were). After the first few birds, father noticed the point under discussion and remarked as he picked up a fresh bird: "This is a male," a nice [illegible] — I did the dissecting & he was not once mistaken in the first lot of a dozen, and the second lot of six. The birds were taken in mid [illegible] so that there could be no error in my dissections, especially as we used some chloroform & no chance injury to internal organs possible.

Eckstown – F. 96.
Oct. 5, 1897.

I do not wish you to go to trouble in consulting authorities. I suspect in too many cases that references given were received as were assumed, matters no discussion followed. In such a matter as this I should value your own experience and opinion above all the older "authorities".

Furthermore, may I ask permission to quote liberally or to reprint portions of your pamphlet on "Bird Migration"? Before I knew that the world & his wife were writing bird books I contracted to write for school use — else I should have retired from the competition in these last days. I would like, if you are willing, to quote or use your observations on Migration, adapting them to my purpose, giving full credit to you & permitting you to see the proof of the MSS. if you desired.

Father has been dangerously ill of late & not yet recovered. Respectfully yours Fannie Hand, Eckstown

Eckstorm, F. H.
May 12, 1898.

Brewer, Maine, May 12. 98

Mr. William Brewster,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Brewster:-

The other day in studying some drawings for illustrations my attention was drawn to the Burrowing Owl and in order to help the artist out of a difficulty I [illegible] into details with a result which surprised me not a little.

I am convinced that there are two distinct species of Burrowing

Owl in Florida — perfectly well marked species that I could easily tell apart at 20 feet

The grounds for this belief are differences in color, color pattern, texture of feathers, measurements and feathering of tarsi.

My father has in his collections but one Florida Burrowing Owl. A ground owl from Florida was a Florida Ground Owl, and Mr. Ridgway's description not being at hand he naturally supposed that whatever differences he noticed were the ones on which the separa-

tion was made. Yet we both have remarked the singularity of this specimen and have wondered why it was not given specific rank. It was not until I looked up Chapman's description the other day that I was convinced that this was not the bird Mr. Chapman was describing

Without worrying you with details since you are at liberty to have the specimen itself for examination, I will call attention to a few points

The upper parts are much more pinkish brown than normal specimens of S. c. hypogaea; the spots are much less distinctly contrasted with the ground color; a cervical area

buffy white, but less white about the top of the head & nape and that laid on nearly down the centre line of the pronotum while in the other burrowing owls which I have examined the white occupies one orb, or portion of one orb without encroaching on the other; wings and tail otherwise barred (compared with hypogaea) 4 bars against 6 in hypogaea.

In front the differences are greater still. Hypogaea is distinctly barred; this is striped on a buff but with the pretty indistinctness of the Acadian owl which the head much resembles in color. At twenty feet the color pattern comes out quite as distinctly as when examined nearer.

Compared with hypogaea the white not so clear nor so white nor so extended. The throat stripe is quite narrow & much wider encroaching on the the white of the chin & the white of the "shirt front" which in this specimen is quite narrow & does not extend down the breast in a white median line as in hypogaea.

The difference in the texture of the feathers of the two birds is perfectly easily determinable to any fingers. This specimen has all the softness of the Acadian's plumage while the burrowing owl's is naturally firmer & harsher than that of other owls

But the overwhelming point is the feet. This bird's tarsi are fully feathered to the base of the toes with soft buffy feathers that look very close like the tarsus but make a ruff along the back of the leg. The toes are more thickly bristly than hypogaea & the toenails are lighter. Then the tarsus is only one inch long from middle of joint & middle of joint while all of Falter's other specimens are from 1.7 to 1.8.

As the color of the bill I cannot speak too positively in a dead bird but the entire lower mandible is light & the tip of the upper one,

the light extending along the column of the nostrils core. In specimens of hypopaea examined the light is more restricted and is cleared along the edges of the mandibles, not so here -

The specimen unfortunately has a rather uncertain history. It was bought of Mr. C. K. Worthen in 1884 and was labeled St. Florida, April 1883. Perhaps Mr. Worthen may have some record of it, or may remember of whom he received it.

The following measurements I do not guarantee to be exactly as you would make them but they are the nearest I can give

	wing	tail	tarsus
Hypogaea	6.5	2.9	1.8
Florida bird	6.1	3.	1.

It will be seen that if these are correct the proportions of the two are very unlike. This is a much shorter winged, shorter legged, longer tailed bird.

It has occurred to me that the discrepancies in the reports of labels of Florida burrowing owls might be explained by their being the homes of three different birds, unless it should prove that this is some accidental visitor.

My father will be happy to forward you the specimen for verification if you desire. The interest of this subject must be the excuse for trespassing on your time to this extent.

Yours sincerely Jessie H. Sickstorem

Bremen, Maine, May 18-18

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I send you the nail by registered mail. His toenail must have been placed in some quick period of his existence, but I have tried to secure the pieces for preservation by lying up his feet.

I hope you will find him an interesting subject. He

is so curiously like Spatyto
and yet so curiously different
— a sort of forerunner — Spatyto.

May it not be a different
sub-genus? The plumage
seems to indicate nocturnal
instead of diurnal habits and,
fearless as is perfectly
certain to suggest that this
may account for this sort of
habit so long (if a native species)

Sincerely yours

Jerome H. Sabatier

F. A.
Eckstorm Mus
May 18 - 1879.

Bremen, Me. Nov. 27. 1900

Mr. Wm Brewster,
Cambridge -

My dear Mr. Brewster. —

I find on comparing the proof of certain extracts which you kindly gave me permission to make with your Migration pamphlet, that there are various minor, not important, but still not at all to my liking since I intended to have the extracts perfect.

In a rather long quotation — several pages — there are about ten
1. differences in punctuation, chiefly

commas and omission of " "
where a break is made.

2. Also <u>adult</u> for <u>adults</u>

3. <u>All</u> not in italics

4 "bird, as well as water, shed" for "bird-as well as water-shed."

5 "Moists" for "our cast" (wh. shall be changed)

6 "Migrate southward a little in advance" for "migrate southward first, and then some weeks in advance."

7 Insertion of "also" to be made

8 Insertion of "birds" (not necessary for sense)

9 Insertion of "question" (not necessary.)

10. a foot note inserted in the text [not by me]

This is a rather large list of matters, though only the fifth and eighth are at all essential to the meaning.

I have given strictest orders to have the plate proof altered to conform to what you wrote whenever it can be done, for

I do not intend, having borrowed a quotation, to send it back worse than it came.

Some of these errata probably were in my copy, some are surely the printer's. It doesn't matter which is which, because I should have made the comparison on the last revise but - I was so ill that I felt unable to do anything more and I falsely trusted that a quotation was something <u>bound</u> to go through all right. Though no longer young, I am still verdant enough sometimes to trust a printer. In the end I always find he is wrong - and sometimes that I am too, which makes it necessary to be merciful.

I will order the book sent to you when it appears, that you may judge for yourself whether your kind permission was wrongly restored.

There will be some noticeable missions in the quotation in the appendix but these will be corrected by the declared abridgement. Also your Latin names I had to translate and if generic names differ in their rendering — Otocoris appearing as the Horned Lark and Lanius as the Shrike family, while Sialia is just the Blue bird, you will understand that I was looking at the from an eastern point of view, according as one or more species of the genus are common in the East.

In compensation for this tale of woe I will tell you a little story of a plenty bird

A week ago Saturday (that is, Nov 17), the ferryman told father of seeing a bright green bird with a long tail, that looked like a little parrot but was only as large as a sparrow, feeding among the English sparrows. It was freezing weather, very cold and windy: and, there being no such bird due here at this season, we laughed a little and set it down among the other wonders. The ornithological wolf is cried so often, now that everybody is studying birds, that we take little interest in wonder-hunting. If we were told of an ostrich in the public square we should probably say that it was an English

sparrows seen through the fog, and that such effects were not uncommon.

But Sunday morning (Nov. 25) eight days after the first report, a beautiful little parrakeet was brought in. It had been swooping heavily for some hours and a hostler at the stable had found the bird fluttering against the stable window. He caught it readily and gave it to the proprietor's wife who came to know what it was and how to feed it. The bird panted heavily and closed its eyes — bad signs with a bird, and we feared it would not live. Today I went in & saw it and found it a lively captive and a very beautiful one. It has made up its mind to live and to get its liberty again, for the lady tells me that it has been so persistent in escaping through

the bars of the small canary cage in which it is confined that she has had to paste strips of paper about the cage. I should not think it possible for the bird to force its way through the bars but she says it has succeeded. It gets canary seed, says she, husking all its seeds, but refuses to bathe.

I do not know the species, which is really of little consequence in an escaped bird. Its tail is more than half its length; its is green, scintillated on the upper parts by dark edges to the broad feathers, and with scarlet violet spots on the chin. The interesting thing is that a native of a warm country, probably bred in a cage, could learn to take care of itself out of doors and in very sharp weather for at least eight days and probably much longer. This three days' storm would probably have been its quietus – But what indomitable pluck and ability to shift for itself the little fellow must have!

Yours very truly Fannie Hardy Eckstorm

Eckstein, Jennie H.
Nov. 27, 1900

Bremen, Maine -
March 12, 1901.

My dear Mr. Brewster: -

I hardly know whether I am more surprised or grateful to you for your kind and appreciative words. There are a dozen people in the country whose good opinion I would like to earn, and you are the first among them. Actually to get it gives me a little the feeling that we

lumbermen began when they say "they feel like old Jack Shaum at his father's funeral."

By all means keep both copies, & I will gladly incumber me. I will also take the liberty of sending you a copy of the "Bookpeckers" which is just out. I believe I did not ask H. M. & Co to do so as my free copies were taken up by previous promises & various nagging children. This you will find a better book than the other,

things neither are at all what they should have been owing to great difficulties in the way of preparation, some of which I have already unveiled to you.

The "Bird Book" made no pretension to being anything but an "introduction to scientific ways of thinking", a little gradus to science. I wished it had been all sea-birds, or all land-birds, or all something, but I did not turn my mind to the making of it. I spoiled a good deal of material in

trying to keep some foolish promises & satisfy everybody and myself.

The Woodpeckers, just as it stands, was originally the last section of the "Bird Book", the introduction portion. When we broke the MS up I [illegible] & keep this part intact & present it in its [illegible] alteration. To my great surprise it was accepted

Thank you very much for the letter & Mr. Heath who will be delighted at your kind permission to use your name.

Believe me

Yours very gratefully,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Bremen, Maine. Feb. 24. 1905

My dear Mr. Brewster: –

We were greatly pleased to see your letter in the last "Country Life." It was a strong exposé of a ~~bold~~ bald fraud and leaves Mr. Brewster with a charge which he cannot meet except by bold bluff. We are very glad you did it instead of some one of less authority.

Father has been very active on those pictures, especially the

Bean pictures which he said were impossible; and he said it from the very first. I tried hard to believe my own eyes but last Sunday we agreed that they were all faked up either from a tame bear or a dead one fixed into position; and today father tells me positively that it was a dead one: his reason is convincing, to — that he is <u>water soaked</u>, showing he was drowned in a trap.

I have urged him to write Messrs. Doubleday & Page, or their editors, about the Bears, and I intend to write them myself,

not for publication, but it proves that the matter has attracted attention. It might not do any good but for one thing which you may not know, and that is that Miss Jane McIlvaith, nee Mr. McIlvaith's daughter, is manuscript reader for Dodd, Page & Co. By using her name as a reference I can procure for them among their own trusted staff, the strongest evidence that this sort of natural history is to be fought to the death and that publishers will as well be avoid it.

Eckstorm — Fanny Hardy
Mar 24, 1905

I see Mr. Seton has some more about wood-craft in this issue. There is nothing newer under the sun than Mr. Seton's woodcraft — and few things rarer of their kind! Father was laughing over his language of signs.

By the way father has seen the Blue Grouse hoax and says that picture is all wrong too. While, as for me of the others, don't you think it is a cock Franklin's in Canada grouse? Look at the photo under tail-coverts.

Yours very truly,

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm

Bremo - Virginia. Feb 28. 05

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I send you the first copy of father's letter to "Country Life". They are not likely to publish it and you may like to have the points he makes at hand in case anyone "kicks". Had I thought of it I would have made a carbon copy while typo-writing it for him.

I inferred from your letter that you were very, very sure of your ground. All the points you made were well taken, but they did not account to me for the sign of your statements since I know so well that you always give anyone the benefit of any shielding doubt.

Somehow, I also inferred that the editors did not quite understand how large a fish they were hold of and admitted for with protest where they would have taken some others, — one good John Burroughs for instance, who is all my well in his way, or Mr. Chapman, who is popular, — with a less grudging air — (I know the editors a little. They were recent. The editor and the Pope are the only two august personages in Christendom who claim infallibility — and the Pope, since he talks least, comes nearest to making good!)

Taking all this into consideration, I trimmed my reply to the mind, thanked them for their willingness to correct an error which two vicious snops & all

naturalists; wondered if they appreciated the fact that they had put the correction in the hands of the best ornithologist in the country; spoke somewhat of your standing among naturalists and of your notable disinclination to say anything rashness when you could honestly keep silence; spoke of Mr. Brewster's bad faith with the public deserving a severe rebuke like this, and patted them on the shoulder for not shielding him. It wasn't worth while to say that, of course, being editors, they had shielded him as long as they could rather than run themselves in the mong! I gave them to understand that such a fraud could not escape detection among naturalists though they might never say anything, partly

because the task is unpleasant and not especially profitable but more because when it is done it must be done by the men of most weight and influence in a firm department of study. I said that I thought Mr. Brunner's bold-faced deceit was less remarkable than your standing forth to upbraid him; for in twenty-five years I did not remember you having suffered a word of harsh criticism above twice. They might feel very satisfied that the work had been committed into the hands of the one best qualified to do it satisfactorily.

Thus much in fewer words than it has taken to tell about. I feel very sure that the one thing the editor would sell any of his possessions to keep is the reputation of keeping good faith with the public.

You made me point, however slow that same public may be to be convinced, which cannot be gainsaid; I considered it your most effective point, — and that was the shape of the ripple behind a moving object. How anyone who reads that and looks at the picture can fail to be convinced, is beyond my understanding.

Father makes another admirable special point — that about the cotton-wood being alternately branched (and I looked it up in Gray's Botany for him, to be sure) so that when depicted as oppositely branched the other, opposite branch must have been a small rope tied to the twig. Such points do not require special knowledge

in order to convince: they are logical deductions. If they do nothing more they shake the faith of keepers in that man's work in future. Mr. Brunner may fool the public, just as Mr. Seton continues to do, but not with the old hardihood and not all the public. Mr. Seton is already a back number, as to my mind decency to be since this last "steal" of his from Mr. Allan Kelly. Mr. Brunner will probably keep him company in time.

I wonder what Mr. Chapman's calling that bird a Blue grouse. Photographically it might show black, but how about those white feathers down the neck? and how about those under tail-coverts? There is something

so characteristic about that tail and the fluffy, spotted crests that, as the Irishman would say, I could see with my eyes shut that it was of the spruce partridge race. But perhaps Mr. Chapman has not handled so many spruce grouse as you and I have and does not really know the fresh bird. I think there is no question about this. Mr. Brewster, however, gives it away himself — "the only bird photographed by startling" Then clearly it was a "fool hen"! It looks alive, too.

I suppose if I am in Boston in May or early June you will be away somewhere. If you were at home I should give myself the pleasure of planning to call some time by appointment; but perhaps, as the last time I

Eckington — Fanny Hardy

May 28, 1906

Yes there, I should find my courage

up and for fear of being an unloving

visitor I should stay away. Are you still so ill?

Robins are here, crows sparrows, finches,

horned larks (a new arrival within the

last six or seven years, they say) purple

finches etc. The ice is gone: the rains

I expected this noon & it looks fair to

hold a week yet.

My dearest love,

Fannie Hardy Eckington

Brenn. Dec 6. 1905

Dear Mr. Brewster:—

It is almost a month since I heard from Mr. Libby about the Black Hawk; but it was of so little importance that I did not transcribe it. Merely that so far he had not found the record. Still, it is in his father's diaries and can yet be found, though 'tis quite a task to look it up. I can not soon read through more than four of those diaries, (without copying) in a day's time. I think we can get it

yet so certainly. Mr. Libby is hunting too far back in the records. I feel sure from the mounting and apparent age of the specimen that it was killed between 1880 & 1884; he thinks about 1874; but my instincts against his memory! for I know Dr. W. G. Fuller's hand at mounting and that he left the ~~town~~ about 1884.

I have not yet broached the topic of selling the specimen. That must be touched very gently & gradually. I fear the boys would as soon think of selling their father's tombstone, but by touching just the right [illegible] at just the right moment I

hope to make them see that the specimen is far better off in green hands than being fly-catter in their own.

Mr. Lettey writes: "Will also find the date when I had the young green herons, and am confident that I can locate a nest the coming spring. Have not shot any of them so they are too rare destroy without some good reason, but can get a specimen for you or your father if at any time you would care for one. The young were taken I had one my tame and would follow me all over the house, but they did not live long after being ~~caught~~ caged."

I prefer not to admire

Eckstorm – Fanny Hardy
Dec. 6. 1906

Totally the fact of their nesting here.

We have a few fellows here who would rob the nests of the seraphim if they thought them rare birds. There's one who manages to turn almost anything into hard cash & who has been ruthless among our rarest orchids, according to those who know him well. I fear he has exterminated the Ram's Head Lady's Slipper in the only place I saw heard of its growing.

Please give my cordial remembrances to Mr. Deane. I fear his wife will never forgive Mr. Ames & myself for keeping him so late Saturday, but we were sufferers also. We went to supper at the Touraine & the theatre & had only time for an oyster stew at a little den in race & got in to the play two minutes before the curtain rose!

Very sincerely, F. H. Eckstorm

Brewster - the - Feb. 14, 1906

Dear Mr. Brewster! —

Did you think I had forgotten the Black Gyrfalcon? I have been waiting for the psychological moment. It came the other day — and I have got you the hawk!

At first Mr. Lebby refused to hear a word to it; but when I explained who you were, and the place the specimen would take in a great collection and the care it would have, he thought it over a moment and said he

would do it. I suggested the question of price but he would not hear to that; nothing that belonged to his father should be sold, it must be a gift or nothing. You will appreciate more the spirit of this from knowing that Freeman Libbey is a poor clerk in a dry-goods store with a wife, mother and five children dependent. But then he is an uncommon man. For example — (he was calling on me, I — my talk did not run

on daily commonplaces, but he was interested in psychical research, wondering where he could get the most scientific statements of so-called "spiritual" phenomena, and he was most of all interested in Lord Kelvin's vortex theory. Somewhere he had picked up a college text-book on the subject and he was arguing on metaphysical grounds the greater reasonableness of the vortex theory than of the atomic because your final atom was always <u>material</u>! I confess the vortex theory has always made my head swim but Mr. Libby was

Eckstorm – Fanny Hardy
Feb. 14. 1906

Embracing it with ardor –

He has not yet got the data of the hawk, but he has found the taxidermist who mounted it and feels sure that he can get unearth the data from his father's journals & the taxidermist's records. The specimen is a good deal fly-specked & the extreme tip of the bill is broken, but otherwise it is a very good specimen.

Mr. Libby's address is C. J. Libby, 42 Ash St, Newport, Me. I will leave you to communicate with him directly.

Very truly yours,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Berne - Maine - Feb 19. '06

Dear Mr. Bennett!

Lest I should forget your inquiry as to Mr. Libbey's letter, and in some other world make to a haunting recollection of it, I will reply at once.

I have no doubt that, being a gentleman, Mr. Libbey would greatly appreciate your motive in wishing to give pleasure in return for what he gives you. He is the last one to look for any reward; but he would be all the more appreciative of an unexpected proof that you understand him

and there will be tears in that house when that bird goes off in a box! I do not doubt he has already had several bad quarter-hours on account of it. You see, the father was worshipped by the family, and his sudden death a year ago, being shot for a deer, has made the family very sensitive as to anything which was belonged to him. When I wished to consult & study his journals in order to write his life, they were unwilling to hunt the diaries out of the house, and every time I saw them I had to take an hour's journey

of train, work all day at home and come back late. Wife, mother & sister are pretty sure, — not to mention the aunts and cousins who thronged there, — to have something to say to them.

As to the character of the gift, Mr. Libby is entirely capable of appreciating a good thing — books, music, & pictures, he instinctively knows the best. I cannot resist giving an example. I have on my wall for my own private joy an excellent photograph of Adam from Michael Angelo's Creation of Adam in the Sistine. It is entirely nude of course and nine out of ten of my chance visitors who get into that room are made uncomfortable by it so I am well aware. They fail altogether

to grasp either its beauty, majesty or purity. Mr. Libby, on the contrary, was frankly interested in it. "He never had seen that picture"; where was it; when; what did it represent? I was more than delighted to find some one whose native instinct for art was strong enough to see nobility where most seemed only shocked by the violation of conventions. I hope, too, when he comes again, to be able to show him the large collection of photographs my brother got abroad, the year before he would understand them.

As to books, if you should choose something of that sort, I should say, for a work of excellence either in make up or matter, get something in verse or prose or some standard author. It seems to me that

the psychical researches have so far hardly reached the dignity of being anything more than reports and their rarity does not count much except as curios. I know that he has most of the best known poets of the 18th & 19th centuries though all in cheap copies and some of them incomplete. When his father came home from river driving he used to indulge himself in volume a two of poems. I know that he has no standard works on natural science. Last fall he asked me what book to get on birds. I recommended Chapman's Birds of Eastern U.S. & he noted it down in his diary with the price and the remark that

he thought he might afford that much some day. But I can appreciate with how much difficulty it will be saved after the fine chickens are shod and fed.

I might suggest that if you have the influence to direct to these channels any stream of the Government, Smithsonian, or college reports, which are often so interesting, that both parents and children would find in them, among much which they could not understand, much which was of great value to them. They crave general information. At times I could hardly work ~~[illegible]~~ when I was

at the house for the fire of questions on all sorts of topics. "There is a bird and he goes so! What is it?" "There is a flower, it grows so! What is it?" "Did I ever hear of —?" "Where could we find out —?" We certainly had the most interesting of sessions.

To recapitulate: If you care to send Mr. Libby some book, good of its kind, well illustrated if at all, an authority in its own sphere, it will be much appreciated, but it will not gain much from excessive variety as in this family boys are used to consulted by all.

I hope I have not wearied you in being interested myself.

With warm remembrances to Mr. Keane whom I shall not soon forget

Yours sincerely
Fannie Harry Robertson

Eckstorm - Fanny Hardy
Feb. 1. 1906.

Brem- Me. Feb 23. 1906

Dear Mr. Brewster!

I am afraid Newport, Me., is not up to the Michael Angelo grade of art as yet. Isn't it a pity that our people can see nothing in such a masterpiece as the "School of Anatomy"! On Sundays I used sometimes to go to the Boston Art Museum, not to see for myself, but just to follow the Italian laborers who are there taking such an appreciative interest in the statuary — very common laborers, with gold rings in their ears, but knowing Rome & Florence.

I hardly think any fine photographs would accord my will with Mr.

Libby's home. It is a very simple home, the only luxuries being the piano & the case of books. A photo-graphic with its white margins would be better than a photograph in the surroundings. A good picture, as of Hoffman's Christ in the Temple (which has been spoiled for me since I found the old master from whom he stole his composition, Masaccio, I believe) a Millet's Gleaners, a Raphael's Madonna San Sisto, would no doubt be acceptable to all the family, but seem better it seems to me would be one of the books mentioned.

I think perhaps the tropical fishes would appeal to them all as something sumptuous, rare

and strange, if not too rare to be obtainable. The B. B. & R. would also be a treasure, though I think the Mind would have a particular appeal on account of the author.

I forgot to say that this family is musical. I think they all sing and Mr. Libby has some part in the town orchestra. You may have in your house some good work of songs, with music, which you do not care for at all but which would be a boon to a family like this. I think their appreciation of music is probably far ahead of their appreciation of pictures. David Libby, the father, loved Jerry Oratorio & was always singing the Elijah. He once made out a list of the songs he knew & though he left it incomplete it numbered some 300 titles.

Eckstorm – Fanny Hardy
Feb. 23. 1906

I left a song, an English ballad in fifty verses, which he wrote off for me from memory. I am sure good music would not be amiss. It might be very good and still not be at all on their heads for those above their ability to perform

For my own part I cannot help thinking that the tropical fishes would open such a wonder-world to the fine children that it would be fairy-land. Here in all their lives did they see anything colored & painted so that would be.

Winter is on. I see the storm beginning to strike from the south-west and I know it is spring altho father caught trapper cap of the rail fence in January.

Yours most sincerely

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Brun. Me. March 27, 1896

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I dreamed last night of the Black Gryfalcon, that the Smithsonian got it and I saw the card of thanks signed "S. P. Langley," and said, "Oh, dear! that was just what I was afraid of; but it takes one Maine man to persuade another; I knew Mr. Brewster would have no chance with anyone who was on the spot." All of which is deliciously absurd and as dreams are said to go by contraries I should not have been surprised when I heard this morning from Mr. Libby that he had just sent it.

He does not say, however, that he got the data. Perhaps he did, but if he did not I may be able to ap-

-proximate them.

I saw as soon as I looked at the bird that it must have been mounted by Dr. W. G. Fuller of Newport; Mr. Libby wrote me later that he had seen Dr. Fuller who said he did mount it, but could not recollect when.

Mr. Libby moved to Newport in Nov. 1873. He was there most of the time till he went to California, leaving home in June 1876 and not returning until March 1880. You will find that the bird was taken between Nov. '73 & June '76; — one of the family believes it was taken in '74 at Shirley, Me.

I can prove that it was not taken after '76 by this: — I remember very well Dr. Fuller once coming to our home

with three curious birds which he never identified — a rather two, for the phalarope he sent us in the fall of '79, and his third bird was a yg. Melanerpes erythrocephalus. His new birds were a yg. Duck Hawk & an ad. ♂ Ruddy Duck which father bought. Our register says this was in '80. I know it was in winter and I know that he said he was going out of the taxidermal business. Father say that he spoke of this odd hawk, the gyrfalcon, which he could not identify. So that was previous to this.

Though the bird did not look as tho it had been mounted for 25 years, I think it will go back for thirty. I saw no reference to it in the diaries though I looked them up quite carefully.

I hope the specimen will not prove worse than you expected. It seemed to me about all we could look for in one so long

exposed to the ravages of time and to flies.

Mr. Libby writes me today of seeing an Eagle since March 11, & of horned larks which he took to be some new kind of snow bird & was curious about.

Your robins & cow blackbirds are nice birds not to come when you whistled for them; but where are the snow-drops of February? We are having bitter weather with plenty of snow & the ice fairer than at any time in the winter.

Have you seen E. T. Seton's book on Caribou in Scribners? That man with his plausible "signalling" & communicating theories is as imaginary & as untruthful. His theories will not hold water. He does not seem to know that a caribou can run, nothing but chain-lightning so swiftly, & that, for all his investigating, the "clicking" is the click of the big, loose dewclaws & hollow hoofs. There's no need to go deeper. Shake-dead we'll look, as I turn down, & see! But still he writes!

Very sincerely, Jennie Schalcross

Brewer, Maine, May 30, 1906

Dear Mr. Brewster!

This late storm has been most fatal to bird life here. Yesterday our school teacher had brought to her five little insectivorous birds — a ♂ chestnut-sided warbler, a ♀ Canadian flycatcher, a Least flycatcher, a redstart and a "yellow bird" (probably summer yellow warbler). I saw and identified the first three. Some were rain-drabbled; one was not. There is the right-mortis though the rain had been over ten hours. Evidently cold and hunger had killed them. What must have been the total mortality at that rate!

The storm began here Saturday night. Monday night's paper (off the presses at 3 P. M.) announced 2.8 inches of rain and much fell between that time and about sunrise a. m. Tuesday when the rain ceased. It was very cold

All ~~Monday~~ Tuesday, except in favored spots, the mercury never rose above 50°, and there was a strong, cold wind. The nestlings must have perished by thousands and the adult birds could hardly have fared hardly better. Young song sparrows would be drowned in the nest, for the water lies in the upland fields as in early April — great ponds of it.

In spite of the cold yesterday I saw a humming bird in the morning and as late as seven in the evening the boys reported them at work among the apple & cherry blossoms.

Today cold and raw, an infinite dreary day. My boy wanted to know where Jacko in the pulpit grew. I told him that there were few places here but twenty five years ago there was a place where I used to get them. Since then it had been cut and pastured and now nearly twenty years' growth of trees was on the same spot. I had not been on the lot of land since it was first cut me, and there was little chance

of finding the jacks. Home the bees we tried it. It seemed like talking with ghosts & visit a place so unfamiliar to the eye, so homelike to my feet. Every foot and slope of it I knew even under the changes of years. And there were the jacks, in the one place where I expected to find them.

We came home loaded with flowers of many kinds, for all are late and all are hurrying to make up. I think the year has been two weeks behind and it will be a week into June before it catches up with its usual program for this date — chiastonia and cypripedium and the little chick-weed wintergreen & medeola — the stipes trilliums are not tall small and stunted and the false mitrewort just beginning, shad bush not yet gone, hobble bush beginning, red trilliums in perfection. So that is where we are!

While I was bending down there came leaping what I thought was a golden wood's frog & I was going to call the boys to see it when I looked where it had landed in a

clump of birch shoots and saw the head of a mouse. It was one of the long tailed jumping mice, the only one I ever saw alive. I had seen alive the white-footed mouse, the short-tailed red mouse, the big grey island mouse, and the shrews but never this.

This afternoon, clear, August, with a strong west wind, I have taken a long drive. Many sparrows, purple finches, goldfinches (some), some robins and bobolinks; but very few flycatchers or warblers. I saw a Md. yellow-throat, a kingbird, a phoebe & a least flycatcher with two or three warblers not identified. My impression is that fully half of this year's insectivorous migrants, resting and incubated eggs will be destroyed. I saw a of redstart today working on the lawn like a robin. The insect food must have been fairly simple out of doors; I have seen but one butterfly on any day & I have been out of doors more than for all the rest of the year. In fact this is the first day since Jan 1st when I have been outside my own yard to do any driving.

Very sincerely yours,

Farrow H. Scheetzer

Buxton - August 2. 1906

My dear Mr. Brewster:

Thanks for your book came last night. I have had hardly time to look inside the covers. This is the season of preserves & jellies and one spends one day roasting in the field and the next stewing in the kitchen to save what was gathered the first day. There is no "simple life" — and there never was, from the days of the cave man down. If we have preserves & jellies we have luxuries — which are not simple; and if we do with have them we suffer

into laziness and degenerate forth-
with. For all I can see, one
must work at something, and if the
necessaries are provided by society
and an Inherited Income, the
work will go for something else
which to the next man appears merely
frivolous. The philosophy of the
very-seven has to be charitable to
the useless classes, for what is it
doing utterly but making jelly?

I am most anxious to study
your book. It seems to me a noble
achievement for a man to take forty
years or more to study a purely
local fauna. It is rather a

[illegible] of the County [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] on local lists and
made up of what "I have thought and
read and heard it said" — with a
preponderance of the latter. Since
White's "Selborne" I do not remember
any meeting local natural history;
~~space~~, and while I regret that the
nature of the task permitted your
throwing the matter into a mere
literary form, as attractive to the
newspaper in natural history as to
the serious student, it is good
to know that it is done, in some
form, for all time.

If I can offer any criticism
that will be worth while, I

shall be happy to do so. I know I know you feel, but still I think your feeling is largely of the natural depression of seeing the book that was one's own become the property. While these things are [illegible] we love them, but there comes a time when we hate them for monsters not of our own conception and making. They are not up to our ideals. And no book you can be. I have no great question about finding the book as good as the limits of its design permit. In bewailing the lack of a continuous narrative, I did not

intend to reflect upon the choice of that design; but I have always found your narrative writing so good, vivid without being flashy, limpid without being flat, full of excellent detail contributing to the general understanding and effect, that I felt you had all the essentials of popular success like old White's, whose garden has become the world's.

I have certain bird notes of minor importance which I have meant to chat about some time.

Just now my head swims from
the heat of the berry fields today
— it was intense & breathless —
and I cannot think of them.

Mr. Libby's address is:

Charles Freeman Libby
42 Ash St
Newport, Me.

I am sure he will greatly
appreciate the books.

Mother sends her thanks
for your remembrance of him.

Sincerely yours,
Fannie H. Robinson

Brewer, Maine, August 31,1906

Dear Mr. Brewster:

For a long time now I have tried to get the time to write you a letter, but so much has been doing, as there always is in Maine in the summer season, and I have had so little time to myself , that it has been only recently that I could read your book.

This I have at last done with all the pleasure which I anticipated. It is a delight to see a topic handled in so painstaking and masterly a manner. No local list ever published can compare with it, and it ~~seems~~ is so full in all the collateral information that at any future time the facts can be read back into their proper surroundings.

Of course, as a list, your only objects were brevity and accuracy. I am sorry space did not permit weaving in more of the always interesting, even if familiar, mention of habits; for the simple reason, that it is interesting It would seem as if a book so covering the field should also cover more of the life of the species. You know we, the human sort, hate to relinquish that scrap of gossip which goes down as history. Yet I fully realize the impossibility of making this one volume larger, or of publishing it as two. I understand how you were cramped for space all through, and do not offer my plaint as a criticism but as a wail for what "might have been". No other man alive, I believe, could have written more acceptably the oft-written life -histories of our common birds and they are so in keeping with your geographical and topographical introductions that I miss them.

You would probably not realize how much pleasure these introductions gave me, not knowing that as a girl I knew a great part of this country by tramping when it was all as you describe. I had an old great-auntie who lived near the corner of Arlington St. and Coolidge Avenue and for several miles around that center during the seventies and early eighties I explored the country as a sort of tramp royal. Then later in the nineties, when I was living in Boston, I walked a great deal, pushing out as far as Prospect Hill and so through the woods as the bird flies(barring a swamp in Lincoln), to Walden and Concord and back through Lexington; and other times in Belmont, not to mention the southern country through the Newtowns and Dorchester and so on. We spent whole days on the Tramp sometimes, so that though they are now days departed I can very well call back many of these country roads with the ivy lush on the stone walls , or the apple-blooms sifting down like snow, or the sharp alarm of the locust. It is good to preserve some memory of those times — when everybody did not think himself a farmer because he subscribed for a suburban magazine. For myself those older days of dream and delight— sunlight in the apple-tops, wind coursing the marshes;(I do not love your set parks and beaucheous refinements of the unstudied; there was once a barberry bush on a bare Belmont hill, with a few winter-hung clusters shining like stained glass and the old dead leaves in the briars of it which gave me more pleasure than your spick and span park infront of the Longfellow House. (That's Irish— will you excuse it but it impresses me about like the English sparrow and the Irish policeman as vulgarism gilded))— for myself, as I started to say

31 Aug 06

far back there, these untrammelled acres; but for others no doubt, the great bulk of those who need recreation , the model greensward of the park and the Charles stoned down to its brim and cleanlily accessible. Let them have their health and recreation in this form even though it be not art.

I would add too that I was glad you went back into the earliest writers on our birds. They are a mine of pleasure, if not of wealth. I think I could hardly name a book which has given me more pleasure than old John Josselyn's two have given. For years I have kept them by me to study out some of his conumdrums or to get the spice of his quaint English, which inspite of what Allibone calls its "uncouthness" is as racy as wild apples. It was only this winter past while cutting up a beef heart for my dog that I found out whathe meant by his description of the moose by "the bone that is in their heart". I believe Thoreau scoffed at it with an exclamation point in parentheses; but there I did indeed find the "bone that is the heart", namely the strong cartilage that keeps the mouth of the aorta expanded and is nearly as much of a bone as the os hyoides of the tongue. I find him very suggestive upon many points. "The White Mountains are hollow, as may be easily ghessed by the sound of the rain upon their tops", says he. Forthwith one knows that he has been on the tops of those mountains for nowhere else but upon very high granite hills have I ever heard that ringing of the granite where the frost has been cleaving it into thin sheets.

You asked me if I had any criticisms to offer. The only one I think of is upon a matter where I would do well to speak with modesty, since it is a matter for experts of whom you have some of the greatest in the world in Cambridge in the Riverside and University presses. Something about

the format of the page is not pleasing to me; it is not restful. Just what it is I cannot tell you unless the finest print is too scattered and the whole straggling preface takes up too great a space to be in proportion to the comment which follows. Mr Abbott Thayer ought to help you out there by telling you what is artistically wrong. To cite particular pages,—those like 218, 219, 208 and 209 are unpleasant to my eye, while on the other hand 214, 215, 216, 217 are very pleasing. I dip into them with satisfaction and the breaks of fine print and the foot-notes at the bottom give me distinct pleasure. But I am not expert to judge these things for you though keenly alive to the delights of a perfectly printed page and finding it quite impossible to read some books in a format unsuited to their general import. I own a Sartor Resartus which I can never look into, much as I like the subject matter; 'tis like a grenadier in petticoats, a barbarously mincing thing.

You sent me some time since a note from Mr. Libbey. I can not lay hands on it to return it tonight but instead send you his last to me, showing his appreciation of your gift. You need not return it, but I think it will give you pleasure to know that he can so well appreciate something rare and fine. He is a good man, and when I send you my little life of his father this fall you will see what sturdy stock he comes of.

I have been meaning to send you some bird notes; meantime I am forgetting what they were, but largely about the increase of our larger coast-wise birds under protection. It seems to me that Mr. Thayer and Mr. Dutcher's efforts

have been amply rewarded, for I never saw so many large birds or large birds so tame as this year. Gulls and herons and night herons seem wholly unsuspicious and even at mid-day I saw them fishing close to cottages(closed for the day, it is true, but still along a well-thronged beach). I saw Leach's petrel in the bay, well up, and a number of Bonapartee's gulls in full breeding dress the last of July. Also I found a Junco laying her second clutch the last of July. She laid the last egg on the 21st and then deserted; too many near neighbors; her first brood was hatched and able to fly well

Just now I have a boarder who is both a care and a pet The other day a doctor came around in his auto bringing a young marten which had flown against a wire and hurt its wing. I have kept him a week now trying to cure him, but I think the martens are all gone now and he cannot fly at all, so euthanasia will probably be the best for him. He is a dear little bird, very intelligent, perfectly fearless and a pretty pet. His appetite for flies is enormous. Two hours a day of work with the fly-flapper does not suffice to satisfy him and he cannot catch one for himself unless it is maimed. I have resorted to finely cut lean beef and on that he gormandizes also, eating about a level spoonful, well packed, before he feels satisfied. I have kept count of flies only once and then he ate forty-four as fast as he could swallow them He demands the run of the house as any attempt to confine him terrifies him dreadfully. Often I lose him and have to hunt closely to discover him tucked into some out-of-the-way corner, perhaps crowded into a

crevice between sofa-pillows or perched on the shoulder of the broom He trots all over the floor and often seems to follow me about my work merely for the satisfaction of being near me. Between cleaning up after him and keeping my dog off and the neighbors' cats out and killing flies for him I do not call my place a sinecure; and as a young and very active puppy attached itself to me in lieu of any other home, I have had another care. Twice I have rescued the bird from the very paws of the dogs and though it was angry and insulted and squawked defiance it showed no fear. It has the boldness of an eagle. The other day I found the bird clinging to the the inside of the screen door while on the outside with her talons clutched in the wire was one of the fiercest cats I know, doing his best to get it, but the bird seemed not alarmed. However , let me try to confine its wings a little or to put it into a box and it trembles with fear. I can carry it anywhere on my finger and often carry it out of doors quite long distances to the surprise of those who see us.

The bird is as intelligent as it is docile. In twenty-four hours it had learned not only to eat house flies and to take them from my hand but to pick them up from the ground. It had learned to drink too. I suppose it had always taken both food and water on the wing before , for I taught it with some effort. When there are no cats about I can set it down on the veranda and it knows so well what the flap of the fly-killer means that it runs to me at the sound of it expecting game. My movements are closely watched and I pay little heed to the bird except not to step on it.

I seem to have written voluminously, but it makes up for the letters suppressed by being over-busy.

Very sincerely yours,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Brewer, Maine, Jan 27, 1908

Dear Mr. Brewster: —

Your letter about the white bellied nuthatch seems from Thoreau's.

I have found it very hard to give much weight to Thoreau's bird observations. A man who puts in yellow-billed cuckoos and red-headed woodpeckers among our northern Maine birds and who does not see there Canada grouse and jays seems so off his bearings that, when he reports as very great rarity merely on the strength of hearing it, I find it hard to give much weight to his report, however

much respect I have for his good intentions.

I do not know whether I have said it, but the W. & M. Mitchell has always seemed to me belong with the Baltimore oriole, rose-breasted grosbeak, meadow lark, scarlet tanager — a number of other delicating illegitimate birds which have come to this region during my own life and the most of them within quite recent years.

However, I do not appeal from your decision yet & ask Mr. Ora Knight if his new book, now in press, will give any additional information of the Mitchell's status. No one knows the Canadian fauna as well as you do, and I count your opinion worth more than the

image observed facts.

So you are having the dreadful ache of composition? Isn't it the most discouraging work? I tear up six or ten sheets for my one I write & sometimes have made twenty a thing copies of single page, and then it never is quite right. The best things I ever did were wholly unstudied. Work usually only makes them stiff & self-conscious, and yet I <u>must</u> work to try to force the ideal might of mind into some lifelike attitude. But they stiffen in my hands and work as hard as candy that cools too fast.

Don't be discouraged with yourself. You <u>do</u> write well, and there is a graceful flow and a good color in it all. I have not studied your description of the Bird Rocks

and Point Lefkeaux as closely as I have not to see in them excellent structure and good finish of writing. And a little sketch of the clapper rail, written long ago for the 'Auk', I remember as very clever reproducing the aspects and sounds of the fresh marshes, a dainty, summary sketch.

Aren't you trying to do two things at once, of all things the two hardest to combine — to write all you can in the least compass and yet to write interestingly? Send the effort to save space what cramps you? For I know you can write much interesting when you give it the room it needs; and I know you cannot fail to be embarrassed with the wealth of facts at your disposal — after all these years of gathering them.

Bremen - Me - Feb 5. 1908

Dear Mr. Brewster:

In the matter of the solitary tattler vs the spotted sandpiper I was thinking (though I suppose I did not state it) only of the route which Thoreau took on his last trip. Much of it lies through marshes and meadows, very attractive to the tattler; not a great deal through lakes where the spotted

would be more likely to be seen. My canoeing trips, I recollect, have been so much more along dead streams than elsewhere that this in itself perhaps accounts for stumbling of the latter as the more common bird -

Your problem in writing is pure arithmetic. Divide your denominator or multiply your numerator; either leave out what you want to

say in details, or take all the time you wish to say it in. I find there is no third way. I have been trying to pack twenty years' trailing of Thoreau into 5000 words. I find I must throw away all my proofs and let the stuff stand on my ipse dixit

But don't be fearful that people will tire of what you have to say you if said at length. Think of all the years we have been waiting for you to tell us what you know!

I agree with your ideas.
Would we had more idealists
of the same order, even if we
had fewer books. But when a man
really does know something it
would be a pity to lose it.

Yours sincerely
Fannie Ratchford

Brewer Jan 26. 1909

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I should have thanked you long ago, both for your very kind words to me and for the reply you gave to my question.

You are precisely of my own opinion about the Hickens — (which is agreeable

to me !!— that it was not likely to be anything new or strange with boys, cats, hawks, crows, jays, squirrels & the whole army of raggers in the neighborhood —

As to your praise of my own small efforts I should feel inclined to disclaim it as to much of Col. Thomas W. Higginson had not taken the pains to write me to the same effect.

as a judgment of Thoreau I should not call it a masterpiece, however. Ten years ago (after much of the material was collected) I wrote the first of it. It has lain in the wood a long time. But my facts & gatherings I merely threw away at the last, though I had plenty of them.

I am not writing anything this year — I can't. A year ago I became interested in making a public library here, and I have worked for — strenuously ever since

ever since. How to make some-
thing out of nothing is a hard
question but often a feeling
I am doing it. Sometimes I
doubt whether public libraries
at such an expense of toil are
worth giving to people free of
charge; but when I see the
poor [illegible] who come in, whose
parents can not sign their names
to an application blank, & see
their pleasure in having a book,
"a really book" to take home, I
go home feeling less tired & more
inclined to fight it out & make
my library-out-of-nothing into an

insuring success. It is
one already, except that the
demand is so much greater
than my best beginning to
supply it. I have (in some
smaller time) 300 families
using books and only about
1300 books [illegible] to
draw from. They call
constantly for "More"!

The desire for entertain-
ment — theatre, nickle

shows, and (preferably) neither
cheap & gaudy fiction — is
to me almost appalling.
I do not understand it.
Why is everyone so amusement-
mad? I'd rather make
myself. It is better fun.
Are the people lacking in
toughness of fibre or have they
had so little in their lives
that would make for
aesthetic cultivation?
Are they so starved? Or is

life so hard for them and so monotonous? I cant tell, I am sure. I just gape at them and their point of view, and ask questions of the Sphinx, who does not answer.

My best wishes to Mr. Deane, of course. Father and the farming here are better than usual this winter.

My smiling gross,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Bremen - Me - Sept 20, 1909

My dear Mr. Brewster:

Saturday my son, who is now large enough to carry a gun, brought in a flicker somewhat abnormally colored; at least I think it worth reporting to you.

It is a ♂ ad. in full plumage, a very finely marked specimen and in all ways the typical northern

finished, except that its wings & tail approach the red-shafted in color. Beneath, the wings show the third, fourth & fifth primaries a warm salmon-pink — a stripe, clearly marked against the yellow of the ordinary coloration. The tail beneath is darker reddish. One would naturally call it red, but it is rather a red-orange.

Above the tail shows distinctly red quills & the wings too show

in the 3rd – 4th & 5th primaries.

I do not remember the details of the now discarded "hybrid flicker", but this would answer to the name. None of me family ever saw me like it.

I have made a skin of the bird &, if it is of the least interest to you, Paul instructs me to send it on to you.

Unless you desire to see it do not take the trouble to reply.

for I know how busy you always are, and when all's said it is only an accident, interesting but not important

The summer has passed quite uneventfully tho' it has been one full of hard work; hence hardly an hour with the birds or no good notes at all.

With very best wishes

Yours very sincerely

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Bremen - Maine - Feb 20 - 1909

My dear Mr. Brewster:

Paul says that he will be pleased to give the "hybrid" flicker, if you will accept it for your collection. I will pack it within a few days and send by mail. As I skinned it myself I know that it is properly arsenicked.

Paul trusts that you will not mind its not being taken precisely according to law. I told him you would not! I find it quite impossible to give a small idea of

hunting stock any my platonic
resource for the game laws of
Maine. The Ranger is, such
an occasional specimen is the
rule, with crows + hawks up to
his capacity. And he is a pretty
good gunner for a thirteen-year old.
This fall one day he brought in two
black ducks, on their flying, coming
head on.

I was in Boston just the time
you arrived. But it was for work only,
+ though I thought of you I did not
so much as think of going out to Cam-
-bridge. Neither did I think of
any of my old friends, except one, with

the result that I am now performing a grand right-and-left-of apologies among the others. Some day I mean to go out to Cambridge for an hour's chat with you.

The English Robin — and why not? We might exchange English Sparrows for it. They might be exported to take up the nasty British worms — same reason they were imported for. For beauty & song we might take their birds, but I doubt the logical soundness of importing creatures on an economic basis. It has usually worked so badly. I believe that Sterling will get to be a great pest to us, although giving musicians —

Your little account of Rudyard Kipling is delightful. It is the side of the man I have seen in his books; for, from the first, I have been impressed with the moral quality of what he did. It has been the voice of a prophet crying in the wilderness, and many have listened, but I have wondered that more did not understand.

We have had three great civil reformers in the last quarter-century. I do not count the fine addresses of Booker Washington and Judge Lindsey, the people who are doing specific things, however well. But along universal lines Stevenson has stood for the

religious independence of the individual, Kipling for the larger statecraft and the moral relation of higher & lower races, and S. S. McClure has revolutionized the popular magazine in its function so that it is a practical referendum to the people at large of all important topics. It is really entirely due to his genius that the American public can be so well informed upon all late social & scientific themes. Indeed, I think a Nobel prize or something like it belongs to S. S. McClure — And yet I happen to know that his father-in-law, old Prof. Heard, objected to his daughter's not-marrying a "smart man".

How much Kipling may have done in turning the Russian advance from seeking a passage through India to the sea via taking the Corean ports I cannot say. I do not know, but I suspect that he woke England up just in time. He did tell them, in no doubtful words, to beware the Russian Bear.

But I think this one quality was best revealed in the Boer war. Are not the best critics sometimes dull fools after all? I have never seen it said that Kipling did a great patriotic service to England there. Yet in all human life was there ever a more stirring great

stories. There seemed no reason why he could not write good stories. I never saw them, that is all. He could have had good pay for some bad stories [illegible]. There is only one thing I can think. If he told what he saw it would hurt. Spread the mendacity. To tell the truth would be helping the enemy. And he kept still. You can never make me believe that the few lackeeman tales of that time represent all he saw & knew of the Boer war –

By the way, I wrote Mr. Abbott Thayer recently of an interesting observation on the coloration of the woodcock – did you notice it? I was thinking Paul that, since the normal position of the [illegible]

the structure of the woodcock's head is circumstantial evidence that he carries his head down & his bill between his legs. I turned the specimen thus to illustrate, & presto! the color scheme leaped forth to prove it. The buffy forehead blended perfectly with the breast & the dark orange-red with the back of the bird. The color said as plain as words that the bird's bill rest & had been just between those bands of color - & that would have made the sun come behind instead of beneath the sign.

Please remember me to Mr. Deane. I spent a night at Mr. Ames's (when he will remember) & we hunted moose & muskrat & wild fowl all the morning from Maine to India.

With best wishes,
As ever sincerely
Your's H. Eckstorm

Berne - Feb 28, 1910

My dear Mr. Brewster!

It happened that just before your letter came I had received from the Boston Public Library, through exchange with our Lib. (the exchange is always on their side of course!) - the set of Seton's Northern Animals.

I have had very little time to give them — perhaps half an hour — but I have heard father and Walter talk them over and have read a little.

The general impression is that it is a fine book, solidly and soundly planned and suitable to be ranked among the large achievements in Natural History. The criticism is that it is not particularly interesting. And from my point of view this is

not an imagination against their people's finding it lighly so. To us interesting material lurking in the Levy Pettibone & Joe Francis & Pat Eldridge & David Libby & Pattee & me and folding and to be rather in the other me's self & near enough to hear clearly. When we hears things, such wholly incredible things that it is a delight to listen to them, such marvels (and may we true beyond doubting) that it seems like days of faery

Now that is what Mr. Stone will not give, cannot indeed because

he has cried "Wolf," too often. I miss that quality — the element of the personal narration of the man of large experience; but so far as authenticity goes the books are a great addition to all we know, being thorough, comprehensive, and adapted to the general student.

You are welcome to the "Tinkerdoodle." I do not know who wrote it but I fancy I could find him. The doggerel was written by some one familiar with "P. D. come-all-yers" (words & songs) which places it pretty near Bangor, I am thinking. I repeatedly saw the catch phrases of that sort in place.

Sincerely yours, Jennie H. Robertson

Brewer - Maine - July 7, 1910

Dear Mr. Brewster: -

Father has asked me to give you the data of a Red-legged Black Duck in my collection and I have looked up my notes. It is the only one that ever came into my collection and is notable for its remarkable size which was over four pounds. I never saw so large

a black duck -

Isle au Haut, Me. Dec. 16, 1880 ♂

25 x 38½ spread x 11¼ wing x 7 4 tail.

Another very large black duck killed at Montegomeris (Second Lake) East Branch Penobscot Sept 6. 1888

measured:-

23 x 35 x 11 x (tail not given) x

culmen (taken straight) 2 4/8;

~~gill~~ gape (across tip in curve) 1¼;

tarsus 1 3/4; 3rd t. 2½

This was not weighed nor skinned but I measured it because I was so large. I do not know that it

was the red-footed sub species.

Father distinctly recalls shooting at one of the red legged ones once. He lost the bird by his flying behind a tall stub at the moment the gun went off; he said he saw his red feet. Otherwise than this he has no recollection of seeing one and I have more than sometimes the legs, ducks killed have looked a little more pinkish-yellow than ordinary. You will note that the only one we have in the

collection was taken in mid-winter on the sea-coast.

Since it was first announced I have accepted the red-legged Derby duck as a good sub species. I think there is a great deal in its favor, much more than for most of the sub species proposed. Just why Dr. Dwight got after it so hotly I do not understand as I did

not read the ~~last~~ spring Bulk and
have my your article in the
last number or so by. But he
certainly laid himself open
to some rebuke as the
quotations from his ~~own~~ words
show, and I think that such
castigation as he received is
suited to the occasion. I realize
that coming from you, who are

always ready to praise and reluctant to blame, who for deference to my mans opinions and never exalt your own, that it is severe beyond the measure of any word a phrase uttered. The velvet scabbard does not conceal the sword of steel in this instance.

I am sorry to be unable to give any notes of value but I am sure of the might- of this kind — one four pounds. It was a big as two

of the ordinary black ducks and had a head unusually handsome in contour. Thirty years ago, and I remember so perfectly the fine development of that skull through the occiput and the modelling of the head.

I have two little flying squirrels as pets. The third was drowned accidentally. They are the most interesting pets I ever had. I think I shall write some little account of

them for Forest & Stream later. The male was drowned but not till after mating and if there has been such a brood as seems probable I shall be in position to fix their life history with some authentic data.

How wonderful are the books on nature study. I got hold of one yesterday — a book called "Freckles", moving melodrama of the Young Irish kind where everyone weeps copiously most of the time —

which is a mine of mis information to the naturalist. The centerfield of conspicuousness is held by a pair of Black Vultures who nest in the Limestone Bluffs in Indiana. How black vultures might nest, unmolested by me, in Indiana, if they wished to, but I would advise them unless they can get their young in condition to fly before the early frosts & the cold burns

turned (as expressing stated) to
stay South! That was a little
thoughtless of them as parents,
especially as they began saying singing
in the year. The other that was
killed in early fall & had a fine
pelt for making a muff was a wonder,
but when they have was spoken of
as being "long and silky" I protested
that it was unlike any other I
was saw. There are some
botanical wonders – fringed gentian

+, cardinal flowers growing together on the edge of a muck brook, but really one may expect wonders in a terrible wilderness of 2000 acres all fenced in by open wire, the haunt of outlaws. Two thousand acres is such a terrifying waste, especially when it is full of maple trees worth a thousand dollars on the stump for veneer.

I need not rehearse the marvels of this book, but you will be pleased to hear of the heroine of seventeen who advises the lumbermen of cows

that it would be better if he soaked his beans one night instead of boiling them at once! This is the first time I ever heard of anyone undertaking to instruct a lumber camp cook about beans.

I fear Mr. Drane, whose two good pamphlets issued by the Society for the Protection of our Native Plants, came to me the other day might shake his head on the sight but I wish you might have seen the ~~[illegible]~~ dusky

Showy Ladies' Slippers we have had this week. We had a wash tub full of them, elegant in their perfection. The S. P. N. P. already mentioned is doing a good work for the more intelligent portions of the land but not here in the wilderness I can hardly think it so necessary. Take these very rare orchids. They grow in great abundance in two spots – but I

know of only two places. They are
very difficult & sometimes
dangerous to traverse, always muddy
tormented by mosquitoes so that
few have the wit and the will
to get them. Ordinarily they
fade unseen. My brother & son
got two great traps full of them
without depleting the bog & they
have been shared with the
sick, the aged, the well, the

artist, the teacher, with anyone who could make use of them or enjoy their rare and beauty. A great bunch of them went to the church last Sunday and in part was distributed to those present. I carried two bouquets to patients in one of the hospitals and two more went to people hopelessly ill and long house-bound.

I wonder if such a use of flowers is not quite as legitimate as leaving

them in inaccessible wastes?

I am very afraid the S. P. U. P. will cease to agitate and undulate & legislate. I fear they will mistake their mission. The moment they do that they will not be a benefit but another philanthropic nuisance. Indeed I am a little chary of too much protection legislation. The New England in my bones is ~~too~~ much too pure not & recent paternalism from when sugar coated. By an odd coincidence the inclosed calendar slip from my Atlantic

Calendar of yesterday was from an unsigned contribution of mine to the Contributors' Club. It expresses my sentiments! I do not class with the sentimentalists – they are always, inevitably in the wrong. On the other hand I would not like to be that prominent member of the Boston Botanical Society who very quite destroyed the only photo of Gamaliel's head which I have heard of is having

in order to get specimens for sale.
This is charged against him by
the man who first discovered the
place and opened it, a man I know well.

To prove that I did not mean
to write so long letter I write on
a blank half sheet. There is a great
deal of paper but not many words
in this so it really is not so long
as it seems —

Yours sincerely
James H. Eckstorm

Brewer, Maine, Aug. 4, 1910

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I have this minute heard a story of a fish hawk that ought to be chronicled yet which I dare not tell to anyone who ~~did~~ does not know me.

Two boys, sons of Capt. George Barbour of this town, having been for a time at Islesboro, Maine, are just now at the house to see my boy and have been telling of a young fish hawk which they got from the nest and hoped to bring home as a possible cabinet specimen. They are somewhat infected with the bacillus of the naturalist and are observing boys, perfectly truthful.

While they were going to the nest they said they saw the old bird bringing the one young one a small bird in her claws. The old bird swooped down at them, uttering her notes of alarm and was not over five feet away. They both declared that she had a king-bird, not entirely dead, held by both claws, one on each wing so that the king-bird hung down between its spread wings. They did not see the fish hawk drop the bird at all; did not know what she did with it.

I questioned them closely as to the identity of of the ~~bird~~ hawk. The nest was one the top of a soft wood tree, they thought a hemlock; it was very large and contained laths, old sailors' blouses, and all sorts of

trash, and beneath it, hanging from a dead limb was the dried head of a schlpin, caught by the jaws when it had been dropped over.

They described the fish hawk's noises and actions very well, her color not quite so well, but not badly. But one of the best evidences that it was a fish hawk was what they said about the young one. "And we didn't get the young one after all, for the old fellow [islander] that owned the nest wouldn't let us have it, so we had to leave it sitting on the ground where the old birds could feed it." Our islanders are very superstitious about fish hawks and never allow them to be disturbed if they can prevent it. I have known the proprietor of Hog Island to chase two summer visitors three miles in a boat, angry enough to kill them, because they robbed one of his fish-hawk's nests.

I consider the identification complete and the incident itself perhaps without a parallel, but I should not dare to publish it. You may have the note if you ever wish to use it.

Your pleasant letter received today. Good luck to the Birds of the Umbagog region, but don't forget to put something of yourself into it. As for the Auk article it was without offence, and those of us who can remember the pleasant amenities of Dr. Coues toward Dr. Brewer and Dr. A.C.Merriam, realize that Dr. Dwight has nothing to sulk over compared with what he might have encountered in the good old days. (over)

I know Dwights who are part Jonathan Edwards crossed with Rob Roy McGregor. I think the McGregor came in too recently to allow the present Dr. Dwight being of that full blood, but if so it is easy to see where the dourness comes in even if it does not come sufficiently from the Edwards blood.

Father returns his best wishes. Please do not consider this an epistolary obligation. It requires no answer, but I wanted to take down that note while the boys were still in the house able to correct me.

Very sincerely,

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm

Brewer, Maine, Dec 10, 1910

Dear Mr Dunstan;

It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of my father, which occurred suddenly yesterday about five p m of heart failure following but not directly consequent upon a minor operation to relieve a chronic trouble of long standing,

suddenly become acute.

I shall write to the same effect to Dr. Allen so I think that any public announcement in the Week of possible next issue, will be provided for by him.

My mother is still in great invalidism & most infirm totally bears up wonderfully. Sincerely yours Fannie M. Echlerson

Brewer - Me - Mch 7. 1916.

Dear Mr. Brewster, —

I am just back from a day at the University of Maine, and while there spent some hours with Mr. Winch the taxidermist. He showed me a group of Harlequin ducks he mounting and I commented on the plumage of a young male. He told me it was a female.

I said "Impossible". I have handled one eighty Harlequins and I think I know the female. Buck he declared that he had dissected the bird himself and that the ovaries were sufficiently developed to be plainly seen; that there was no question of its sex. He weighed the birds in the flesh as well as the skins; were still in the winding.

The bird in question shows

broad stripe on top with tinge of chestnut at each side, spot back of bill, tinge of bluish on head, traces of the collar and other marks of the young male. I consider it an unusual, indeed a most remarkable plumage.

They had the finest Eskimo Curlew I ever saw — very high plumage & beautifully mounted. Most likely you have a number as fine in your collection but this is a beautiful bird. Also a sharp-shinned hawk in extraordinarily high plumage; a [illegible] Gyrfalcon (plumage deep black with albinistic wing — primaries & secondaries grey.)

We are planning to dispose of father's collection in the fall — as a whole if we can, in small lots if we must. There is no hurry about it but in time that will be done. If there are special wishes that you desire I shall be glad to consider your wishes. The dangers from fire & moths, the difficulties of keeping up a public museum to be at some strangers beck and call, and the fact that the possession of such a collection binds the family to remain here — whether we decide to or not have brought us to a decision that we do not like although misfortune dictates it.

Yours sincerely,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

I think I have a clue to the date of this — letter of Mrs Dibble of Newport. I will write his son to look up journals & confirm date

Brewer, Maine, March 15,1911

Dear Mr. Brewster:

Thank you for your very kind letter. I thought just as you do about the female Harlequin but never knew a case like it

I wish you might get the Esquimau Curlew and would like to help you to do it. I know that they prize it highly and would part with it most reluctantly, but I think that the way might be made a little less thorny by knowing just how they are situated. They have a small collection, very deficient in types of structure; no money at all, and a resident taxidermist, a good one —Winch, who collected for Cory and others and was formerly with Crosby of Bangor. The problem is to get him work enough to make him earn his salary without spending any money. Why, they could not afford to buy a Turkey Buzzard, even when their old one was dropping in pieces and such a scarecrow that Dr. Drew would not dictate to his stenographer near it unil he was seated quite back to the buzzard. So Mr. Winch went to work and pulled it all to pieces, every wing-quill separate, he told me, and after a week of very hard work made a bird of it, and a good one. It did not seem to me that that was as cheap as buying a buzzard skin, but probably it was!

My suggestion would be that you offer them skins in exchange for the Curlew. But be wary and offer two lists. In one put another curlew skin of the same species and what you think will make up a good offer for their bird. Then make another list and omit the curlew and put in a quantity more of desiderata. They will want the new skins badly, and these

P.S. Next, he Dr. Drew intends if this lesser Golden Plover comes in his own name in California — Yours very truly, Charles H. Rhoads

P.S. Yours in my mission number 2 skins which are Curlews make very well work is then better the one of your duplicates. And if they prefer the skins it would be of half as little about the 3 parasitic, I find — affectionately — Yours in my little work

will keep the taxidermist at work. The only drawback is that their cases are nearly full and I do not know where they would provide more. But they lack many common birds, whole families being unrepresented. Puffin, little auk, cormorant, black skimmer, avocet, stilt,road runner, most geese, most ducks not locally common, jays, blackbirds, woodpeckers (only three there!) ,water turkey, courlan, rails (none I believe) and a host of things many of which must be both common and abundantly represented in your collection. I think this would be better than money with them, though the offer of cash , if preferred ,would not be amiss.

How can I help you? I must write Mr. Winch in a few days , and will delay until I learn whether I can break the ice through him. The head of that work is Dr. Drew whom I do not know, not even his Christian name. I called the Curlew unusually handsome. None of our curlews of any species approach it in clearness of color, yet ours are good birds and some of them spring birds. Father, as you may remember, was a fancier of fine plumages. He did not wish more than one or two of a kind, but that little must be good.

Yes, undoubtedly oyou can help me, and I will ask you some questions in time, but such I hope as will not be particularly troublesome to answer. This afternoon I have been toiling to relabel the owls, but the present Otus brigade (under how many other names have they sung as sweet in the ages past!) finally drove me off with a headache. I have no love for this last check-list, and, unlike the famous Dr.Pell, I know the reason for it. Thanks to your good offices in the past in pronouncing certain specimens typical , I have floated

over some of the quicksands of this afternoon. I assume that specimens named by you as M.aspersus are now O. trichopsis, but trichopsis seems to have been used as a little of everything. The little brutes never were spotted and if they had not come from you originally I should now be declaring that they were some one else. Who's Who in Owldom is a burning question. Big, husky fellows from Walla walla, wash. I put down as mcfarlanei; and somebody else from Victoria as kennicotti; he was very dark, and his legs very dark. But what do I do with two saturatus from Salem, Oregon, quite tinged with reddish on the back. And I come out with one extra, over and above my catalogue, labelled in father's hand, as taken by Bendire at Walla Walla, on the same day and of the same sex as the other specimen labelled in my own hand! Unlike the freight agent with the burro, who as you remember came out "minus one bureau, plus one donkey", I have my donkey left. I wish the men who made those races of owls had to eat the whole of them!

I have some good offers for special things, retained against the possible breaking up of the collection. Most of them I think are high, but would you sell a perfectly superb California Vulture, mounted by Critchley for $50.00? There never can be a better one. The skin alone many years ago cost $30, and Critchley's mounting and all expressages beside. I said no. I have also determined to hold the Guadalupe Caracara for my own price. It is high, but the bird is superb, much better than the type specimen. Would you consider 25.00 each for fine Passenger Pigeons as well as can be done by holding them? Of course they are not rare in collections, but there will be no more of them.

P.S. I perceive a typing error in the O.O.C. list for November. One is for Short Eared! Well, we feel that they are not the Bubos

I hope some time to make out for you a little list of some of the things that I think you would be interested in. For example that type specimen of Suckley's Hawk, a perfect beauty of a bird, seems to me ought to go to you, although Mr. Thayer has expressed an intention to bid for it.

This brings me to a pair of most superb hawks which I have in mind to submit to you for examination if you would like to see them. We have owned them more than twenty-five years, and although they may have been found in numbers I never happened to hear of anything like them. The first one Worthen said was unique. The next one taken about five years later was of the opposite sex and a perfect mate. We have always listed them as melanotic Ferrugindus Rough-legs. perhaps they are but accidents. Yet they differ from any melanotic birds I have seen and are like each other almost to a feather. They are of extremely large size to begin with, with feet larger than our other F.Rough-legs' feet.The bases of feathers are the purest white, but the surface of the whole body (and leg-coverts of both) is chocolate-colored, varied with reddish brown— just the colors of bitter chocolate(Baker's) with the glaze on and the same scraped fine. Leg-coverts show traces of bars. The tails of both are silvery and the outer webs of the primaries are the same but not so clear and light. The plumage is in the highest gloss and smoothness, perfect adult birds. One was taken by C.H.Marsh in New Mexico in 1883, the other by W.G.Smith in Colorado about five years later (memory for all this, so it may not be absolute). If you would care to see this pair of birds I would send them on for examination.

With best regards and most sincerely,

Jennie H. Crosstown

Brewer March 22, 1911

Dear Mr. Brewster:

A letter just received from Mr. C. J. Libby gives me the date of your gyrfalcon. He says he will write you himself but I am afraid he will give us the briefest note, and I think more would be interesting.

I chanced upon an old postal card from a Dr. Fuller of Newport Maine, dated Feb 1881, saying that

he had been unable to see Mrs. Libbey, about the black hawk. I told Mrs. C. J. Libbey to hunt in his father's diaries previous to that date. He began with the date of their removal to Hanford in 1873, meaning that they did not leave the farm before that. On Nov. 2, 1876 his father went to California for three years. He read my mind till he got almost to the date of his father's leaving the state, September, October, and up to October the eighteenth, when he found this: "Jerry Gordon shot a hawk flying,

breaking one wing slightly. Got him of him, wired him up and sent him to Dr. Fuller by Ches. to be mounted."

I Ches. is Charley Bonestell of San Francisco, Mr. Libby's nephew I

"Oct 30. 1876. Went out and looked at my hawk which Dr. Fuller has mounted. Appears to be a goshawk."

Mr. Libby writes that the bird he sent for was always called "the goshawk" in the family and that it had a broken wing. There can be no mistake in the identification. Mr. Libby had no other mounted hawks, to my best knowledge.

Strange was it not that a poor man, like him, needing every cent he had and contemplating so long a journey, should be so struck with this bird as to have him mounted, and that after so long a time the data could be recovered.

The data were:

Oct 18, 1876. Cardé Ridge, Greenbush, Pennsylvania. Shot by Jerry Gordon, mounted by Dr. W. G. Fuller of Newport, owned by David S. Libby of Newport. No sex recorded.

I think you have it complete except for sex,

Mch 23 -

I meant to have added, only it was past midnight when I finished that other screed, that I noted your niches about the dark Ferruginous Rough-legs.

I should like to have you see them and will try to keep them till you can do so.

My own impression is that they are not an accident but a dark phase, standing to A. ferruginous precisely as

calurus does to the other red-tails. Rare no doubt, excessing rare, but still I think them not an accident but a dark phase.

What I hope is that if you can gather material enough, with this pair, you will be able to describe them. I think my father's male was the first specimen we taken and that it is surmounting [illegible] & stand

as the type of male. Nor could a novice find them this female we found to match it.

I would like to see those beetles known as "Thomas Hardy's Rough-leg." Rules of nomenclature I presume would forbid any such stylish name, but still they might be called Archibuteo ferrugineus hardyi.

I am not trying to dictate to you what ought to be done, but I am looking for an opportunity

to give my father such a memorial as would have greatly pleased him. He loved these birds well, and finer hawks there were not, so satisfying and so perfect. All I want to do is to secure the field against some other discoverer of the same facts. These birds have waited long for years for their recognition, and I think they deserve it richly —

Very sincerely yours
Fannie H. Nelson

Brown Maine, March 28, 19[illegible]

Dear Mr. Brewster:

No, there is no appeal from your decision — no higher court to carry a question to, so the ferruginous Rough Legs shall be regarded as an accident for all of my reporting. That they look less like an accident than any other pair of birds in the whole collection is their misfortune, I suppose —

They are really noble hawks and I love them like brothers.

As to growing old, you know of course the old saying that "a man is as young as he feels and a woman is as young as she looks". If you feel young, surely then there can be none to gainsay it - if you claim to be so. It was Father's own word up almost to the day of his departure that he "felt ridiculously young", — and he acted it, too. And to do

one of the great causes for thankfulness. He knew no failure of his powers to cramp his full enjoyment of life. Sight, hearing, intellect, activity were as uninjured as they can be in a man of almost eighty and he had all the good out of life up to the last day.

Your last note came this morning. I think all these hybrid ducks are good birds and that there are more of them. I make no attempt to catalogue the

ducks and I believe there are about seventy albino hybrids, though few of the better. Among these are two Mallard x Black Duck and Mallard x either Black Duck or Pintail (but more likely the former) which are interesting. They are both fine birds, spruce and handsome in plumage, and I fancy are ~~blood~~ blood brothers, one "throwing" a little more to one parent than the other to the other. If you are interested in hybrids I strongly advise you to look. Look at them at least

Of the Black Gyrfalcons, the one taken in Mass, said to be the fourth one taken and procured just after your announcement & the third specimen, so probably a mate to it, is one I have listed "good" but without much enthusiasm. It was mounted by J. S. Goodale from the fresh bird and is perfect in all its points, but it seems to have been a bloody bird rather badly washed so that the feathers still look stretched and flattening.

I do not doubt it could be remounted and would make a good specimen.

The one taken in New Hampshire is a much bleacher bird and I have checked it as "fine". It was mounted by Ward from the fresh bird apparently, but it, too, is not mounted with the art and expression which the naturalist of today puts into his birds. I can give full data for this bird and sex. Of the Massachusetts specimen I can give only the year.

and what I have already told you, Gordace said it was killed near Boston, the year before we bought it of him, prior 1881.

I have already told you about the Black Muslin. It is a bear: I presume I can track up Major Bennett's letter of transmission, tho' that was printed in the "Arch" and the bird has his label. Two of the smaller toe-nails were shot off, but that is the only possible flaw in this bird — though it is further's mounting and so not so fine of mounted. Father never learned to change the shape of a skin much — does not relaxing the skin

and this of unmounted would fall back into precisely the lines upon which Mayer Brendice made it — a most admirable skin, for I well remember it.

The Prairie Falcon is perfection. I can't find a fault with it. It is a perfect adult male, well needing plumage, collected by Chas. Littlejohn at Sanak Is. Alaska, and mounted by Critchley. Dr. L. C. Sanford came this winter and saw it and greatly desired it but said that Mayer would give so much more for it that it was no use for him to offer for it. Mr. Mayer

writes me today that he wants it, but has as yet put no price on his decisions. I tell you this because it may be a your advantage to know it now. Mr. Meyer also wants the Black Merlin –

I wish you could see some of these birds. The collection is small in numbers, the poor in the mounting, but choice in quality. I am now giving me all my father's ornithological correspondence for on thing year and I am occupied myself in –

see how often the one specimen,
now left in the collection
represents from three to four
specimens purchased and dis-
carded. For example he bought
the best Flamingo & multicolor
females we saw; then he got the
best Wrotten could furnish, and
then from C. H. March he got the
"best one out of fifty" which was
far better than either of the others.
It was not a case of "anything will
do" — nothing did, of it was
rare a handsome, but the best

and I challenge anyone to bring forward better binds than some of these. For full twenty years Charles K. Worthen gave full [illegible] to choice of everything rare and fine. His letters repeatedly say that he never asked a fine thing till father had the refusal of it. I find yourself sometimes just too late. There is one little whisper which that you were anxious to get, or lost. And I'll just whisper that you might to get it yet. It is superb. Mr. Sanford offered 10$ on sight* best than dress

(*but father said 5$ cash!)

of thinking his Alaskan collections might opt some this year. I don't if they do makers they know that this elegant plumage is found only in winter (See Nejneger, Commanders Islands, Bull. 29.) The plate there represents the male & this bird which was taken by Nejneger Dec 30.

Then there are some Arctic Owls you wanted and lost – really white Bubos, exceptional birds. Dr. Sanford offered 10$ apiece but they cost so much more that I said I would keep them. One is Litchfield's work –

I could tell you of many fine things if I did not know that you have anything already.

Very sincerely,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Brewer, Maine, October 9, 1912

Dear Mr. Brewster:

For some time I have meaning to write you upon a variety of matters, some of which I fear will escape.

First, Do you know the address of Mr. J.F.Abbott, who collected in Lower California? I have been Sherlock Holmesing for more than a year to find out who killed the Dwarf Horned Owl about which I wrote you long ago. By putting together very many little this-and-thats I have made out that probably father got it through Worthen from Mr. Abbott. I know it came from Worthen, and I find coming into the collection at just th same time so many birds taken by J.F.Abbott that I conclude this must be one of the same lot. If he killed it he would remember the bird by its tarsus shattered by a rifle bullet. I have had it remounted into a splendid specimen, and wish to supply the missing data which I can nowlere find, a rare thing indeed in our collection. I fancy the label must have been pinned to the st and and have blown away when father was carrying it down to the bird house after mounting.

Second, I have not yet don e that Petrel article. After much trouble I sorted out all the letters and here they lie almost under my hand; but I have been too busy this year to do the writing. Also my subscription to the Auk lapsed and I have not renewed it. Until I send for the numbers lost and read up a bit I shall not feel quite certain that the Loomis observations have not taken the field.

Third, and this is my real errand. My dear friend Charles H. Ames, who died a year ago, left a few birds. Among them was a wreath gen. Mr. Deane will remember Mr. Ames

and myself coming over to your home with the bird once to identify it and our keeping him from his supper because he made things so pleasant that we forgot all about time. (I also remember that instead of supper at the Touraine, as planned, and the theatre afterward, I said,"Anything that's quick!" and we took a hasty oyster stew in a cheap restaurant so as not to lose the whole of the first act!) I am sure that Mr. Deane will recall the bird and that to the best knowledge and belief it was a He ath Hen.

Now I am advising Mrs. Ames to sell the bird. And I have arranged with Dr. L.C.Sanford to give her a good price for it, telling him frankly the whole history of the specimen and the point of doubt— which you will appreciate as quicly as anyone. He says he will take it on your identification and I am writing to ask of you the favor of looking at the bird and pronouncing upon it as genuine or not.

The history of the specimen is this:

In 1898 as I make it, probably in October or November, but certainly quite late in the fall, I went up to Boston from providence to consult my publishers, D.C.Heath & Co. Mr. Ames was second in that firm. He told me about his having recently had a heath hen sent up from the Vineyard by a friend who killed it there . It was sent in the flesh by mail, and after looking at it he called the office boy and had him take it down to Frazar to be mounted. "And I suppose you wrapped it up in the same paper that it came in", I groaned. "To be sure I did." "Well. I should have thought twice before doing that myself with a heath hen," I told him.

He could not remember what was on the paper and box to show whence it came , if anything. The upshot was that he and I went down to Frazar's, found him out, called for the bird, which was brought to us still in the winding. Evidently a fresh specimen was regarded as his, and Mr. Ames called it the same bird. But, while there, he took the precaution when not observed to take out his pocket scissors and clip a feather or two in such a way as to mark it surely. I saw it done and know that this is the same specimen which was shown to us in Frazar's shop. There is but one chance of a miss? Was there anything about those papers which would make the casual observer think this a heath hen and not a common Prairie Chicken? Unless there was not even the shrewdest man would be likely to suspect a plain business man who knew nothing about birds of having a very rare specimen and it might fool even an expert. But was there? Because we did not know, Mr. Ames and I took the bird over to you from West Newton in our hands and compared it with yours, with the assistance of Mr. Deane. We all thought it seemed like a Heath Hen, butdid not like to be too positive. The difference between them is a great deal better to read about than to detect with your own eyes. If we can prove the genuineness of this bird I can swear to the data which belong to it and it will be preserved as it should be in a fine collection. Mrs. Ames, too, will get twenty-five dollars for it.

If you are willing to examine it and will telephone Mrs. C.H.Ames, 300 Highland St., West Newton, she will either ship you the bird boxed to be examined at your leisure or will

9 Oct 12

send one of her sons over with it by appointment. I feel that a fine specimen of so rare a bird ought not to left to the moths, as it is sure to be. I saw it this summer and it was still in fine condition. At the same time I think Dr. Sanford is right under the circumstances of asking for the guarantee of a competent judge.

I feel that my father's collection is almost as good as sold to go to Roger Williams Park. I was down there in Providence last summer, looking the matter up and investigating the care which would be taken of it, and was satisfied with conditions. They had much trouble in raising the money and were almost discouraged, but a few days ago I made them a proposition to take out the foreign birds and allow them five hund red, to allow them fifty for the Cory's Bittern (which is just what Dr. Sanford has offeredeme for it) and to allow two hundred for the-Guadalupe Towhee and five hundred for the Guadalupe Caracara and take my chances on them later on, promising to keep everything but the Bittern, which I believe is only a color phase, for at least one year for them without rise in price. This takes off $1250 and removes but three birds ever counted North American. The proposal has seemed to put new heart into their efforts , which I hope will be successful, as I desire to hold the collection together and to have it well taken care of.

This summer I saw Mr. Thayer's perfectly wonderful collection , but had only about an hour there with my son; also Dr. Sanford came here on his way back from Newfoundalnd I was in Concord and thought of you but was automobiling with friends so passed you by.

Very sincerely yours, Francis H. Rhoades

Brewer, Maine, November 9, 1912

Dear Mr. Brewster:

Surely your delay was most paddonable, and I never yet attributed any act of yours to a lack of courtesy or kindliness. It is very good of you to be willing to do these acts of supererogation in the naming of birds and I am sure that Mrs. Ames will appreciate the favor.

I shall , however, be curious to learn the outcome of your examination and when you write, provided it is within three weeks, if you express any curiosity as to that pair of melanotic ferruginous Rough-legs which I own (alas! "owned") I shall be willing to ask permission of the present owners to send them to you via Cambridge on the way to their new home. If for any reason you do not care to look at them , they will go by freight with the rest.

For I have sold my father's collection entire to the Rhode Island Audubon Society which purposes to give it to the city of Providence to be kept in Roger Williams Park. I got my own price, five thousand. In a way the price is arbitrary; it does not attempt to recover more than the actual money laid out. On the other hand it is far less than the same collection could be made for today. As such things go I consider it a very good price, though my object was not so much to get money for it as to secure it the respect to

which it is very well entitled. For I knew very well that if I valued it but a thousand dollars it would be treated like only a thousand dollar collection.

Much work needs to be done to it, which would that I could do myself so as to send it in the pink of condition. But the birds are sound and proper specimens despite their age and some groups of them are already good enough for any collection in the land, notably the grouse and ducks, while all the largest ones are superb specimens. I wonder more and more how such grand specimens ever got down into a little corner of Maine as the Great Wandering Albatross, the Harpy Eagle, the Californian Condor and some of the others.

While it will be a satisfaction to feel that father's work is held together as the Manly Hardy collection, I was rather anxious that some specimens from it should pass into the still greater collections, like your own and Mr. Thayer's and Dr. Sanford's. Truly I meant at least one of the Black Gyrfalcons to be yours.

I have been showing the birds for a week to all who came. This afternoon I overheard a mother , pointing out the Turkey Buzzard to her little daughter, say, "That, dear , is the Bald-headed Eagle." In Central Park Walter onece heard a man say precisely the same to his son, save that he added that it was "the bird of his country".

Very sincerely yours,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

Brewer - Me - Dec 6, 1912

Dear Mr. Brewster, —

My heartiest thanks to you for your kindness about this Hearth-Hole. I realize that you have been put to a great deal of trouble on a matter which

can hardly interest you, and yet thanks is your only reward. I wish it were otherwise

Though we are packing the collection now, it will not be forwarded for some time yet. Before the city formally accepts the gift

from the Audubon Society, the much greatly enlarge its present museum building and just-now it is a game of politics with the city fathers. They will have to spend $20,000 to $30,000 on housing before the joint is set up for display.

I go on early in January, probably with a box, by express, of the

rarest & most beautiful
birds to display them. The
two hawks mentioned I shall
not include in this list.

I am opening up an investigation
of the Yellow-billed Loon so called
in our collection. My own opinion
is that it is a freak bird. It
was taken in Colorado, Aug 25, 1885
by Wm G. Smith of Loveland, Colo.
It is very small, juvenile plumage,
yellowish bill & feet & looks to me
singing upon albinism. I think
Mr. Bent will study it.

Respectfully yours
Jonathan H. Ekelstorn

173 Wilson Street, Brewer, Maine
August 26, 1916

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I am sending you by mail with this a young warbler to be identified. We have had it four years, and during that time I have handled a great many warblers in juvenile plumages, my son having made a specialty of collecting them; but I have never been able to place this little thing. It is a poor skin, much below the grade I want to keep, but so puzzling that I have saved it in hope of some day getting something like it. If, at your leisure , you would identify it for me I would be much obliged.

Also could you tell me to whom to apply in Cambeidge for a chance to do some museum work this fall and winter. There is research work which I would like to do in Cambridge and Boston this year; but with a son in college and the cost of everything what it is, I do not feel able to do it unless I can in some way about earn my board by part-time work. If I could find a place in one of museums for a few months I might be able to afford the special work. I was in the Roger Williams Park Museum, Providence, most of the time from October first to the mid le of June this year, in full charge of installing my father's collection when we got along to that, but unable to finish the work. They want me back again, but I can hardly afford to give them so much time for the amount offered, though both the place and the work were delightful.

You may be interestedin one of the things I did. After due consideration I decided , since Dr. Sanford was so anxious to get a Guadalupe Towhee and since it was a bird not at

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all attractive to the public and likely at any time to be removed by fraud, to exchange my father's very perfect specimen for what my brother called "the most noise in birds that I could get". Knowing how much father had desired to get certain species, I was able to secure some of his great desiderata, and secured for this one bird, the following, most of them in pairs:

Sanford's, Turner's, Townsend's and Kenai White-tailed Ptarmigan (only one of this because it immature), Alaskan Spruce Grouse, Bristle-thighed Curlew, Frazer's Green Heron, Brewster's Booby, Queen Charlotte Island Woodpecker and Jay, Sanford's Elf Owl, Trudeau's Tern, and I believe something else, all of finest quality, save the juvenile Kenai white-tail.

I know that exchanging extinct species is not a safe thing to do, but with this particular bird it seemed to me quite as well to part with it to a great collector as to run the risk of having it stolen some day and no one the wiser for it.

One of my pleasures during the winter was identifying a large ~~unnamed~~ collection of Vera Cruz birds which had been some time in the museum unnamed. It was fine collection and I found the work fascinating. It seemed so curious to see our little native birds, warblers and flycatchers and our most domestic things take hob-nobbing with the grotesque toucans, cotingas and such. What tales they could tell us of their winters abroad!

With cordial best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Jannie H. Eckstorm

173 Wislon Street, Brewer, Maine,
September 1, 1916

My dear Mr. Brewster:

I wish to thank you for identifying the Nashville Warbler. Paul and I had both come to the conclusion that it must be that if it were not a hybrid of some sort. We are very much obliged to you for deciding the matter.

Nothing very special has come our way this year, though this week Paul reported seeing what he decided must be a mourning dove-- tail long, pointed, white spots beneath; breast apparently as red as a robin's in the sunlight; sat very straight in a bare tree; no note heard. Of course a dove's breast is not red, but the afternoon sun plays queer tricks with colors, and he is too well-trained to see wild pigeons now-a-days. I never heard of a mourning dove here. About three years ago he took a female summer tanager Perhaps four years since I had a very fine spring adult duck hawk brought me. It was shot through with a rifle while hovering over a farmyard for a hen, but was not in the least injured. It is the first adult duck hawk that I ever saw taken here, and only two immature. My father never killed one and my grandfather probably never saw more th n one immature specimen, for he always told of a very dark hawk he once shot, with yellow stripes through the eyes, very bold and very swift. That makes a full hundred years of experience in this locality.

In speaking with Mr. Bent last winter the question came up whether a loon changes its plumage in winter, as the books say. We were both of the opinion that it does not.

However I had little to offer as evidence except that well into October, when they were migrating and should have moulted, my brother was down to Islesford and went out shooting with the shore gunners. He saw loons pass with the black head and took a very fine adult red-throated loon, which Paul now has in his collection. It is as fine a bird as I ever saw of the kind. I greatly enjoyed knowing Mr. Bent and going over his collection with him. I went over to Taunton from providence three times to see it.

I understand your feeling about the Guadalupe Towhee. I talked the matter over with Mr. Bent and he felt as you express yourself until I told him a little more of the inside of things. There were reasons. The Park Museum is wholly a municipal museum and the curatorship is a political job if the occasion for making it so arises. The present curator is a splendid man, a fine executive and a tremendous worker, good in his own specialty but knowing nothing of birds. There were some malcontents in town (knowing very little about birds too) who tried to stir up discontent by saying that the Audubon Society paid much too much for my father's collection and that it was not worth it. Also that it was a lot of old trash, etc. This left the curators in a rather hard place, since it was in great measure on his recommendation that the collection had been purchased by the Audubon Society to present to the city.

When I sold the collection I did it with the proviso that though they might add to it, nothing should be sold from it, or exchanged from it without my consent. I knew that an ignorant or a dishonest curator might work havoc with it. When this towhee matter came up -- and indeed it is quite a long and rather an entertaining tale-- I had a chance to do several things

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several things. First, I showed the curator something about playing the game. He would have been quite content to trade it for a group of johnny-penguins! Before he got through he saw that there is a good deal more "game" in a bird-exchange than an outsider might think. It was worth the loss to the collection just to make him jealous of some of the other treasures,-- for example one of the finest Guadalupe Caracaras in existence, a p point-perfect bird. Then when I got about $550 worth of great rarities for one insignificant little bird the Audubon people were fully convinced that they had not paid too much in paying five thousand for sixteen hundred! That is where an education on the multiplication table tells. Then I was greatly indebted to Dr. Sanford for his advice when the collection was on my hands to sell. I should have been very glad to give him the towhee had it been mine to dispose of, and no one but he could have had it at any price. Eventually it goes to the New York Museum (American Museum) so that it is ensured being preserved with the greatest care. No, I am satisfied that by parting with this one bird I have put a premium on the others.

I have just written to Mr. Henshaw, for bird work, manuscript and proof work or library work, which I understand very well for a self-trained librarian and cataloguer. Do not trouble yourself to speak to him in my behalf. I gave him your name as a reference, if he cares to ask any questions. He may ask why I do not go back to Providence. I had almost exhausted the libraries there and I was paid but six dollars for four days a week work-- about thirty-two hours, though I agreed on much less. My own fault; the work needed to be done, the others were working too hard; it was not the place to sit back idle.

Yours very sincerely, Fannie H. Eckstorm

Brewer, Maine, Jan. 24, 1918

Dear Mr. Brewster:

Your letter bout the meaning of Umbagog came this morning. I wish to apologize for my delay up to this time, but have been slow in coming to it. I wanted to see some Indians and put it before Prof. Ganong, not being satisfied with anything I could do myself. But the Red Cross takes five days a week and my own affairs have to be crowded into the remainoer and the night-- and sometimes crowded out entirely.

Umbagog without question has the word bague, water in it. This is the idea of water as a liquid , regardless of its form or extent, and the termination is clearly the locative. What I am not sure about is the first syllable. That might be several things and may represent only a shortened form of some word. In Joseph Laurent's "New Familiar Abenakis and English Dialogues"(Quebec, 1884) I find him giving Umbagog as "clear lake, shallow". But as his authority he quotes the N.S. Dictionary(which I suppose is the ~~new~~ National Standard Dictionary) and I am sure only for one thing, that he , a born Abenakis, accepted it but whether for lack of knowing himself what it meant or because he agreed is impossible to tell.

The other day I consulted an old Indian woman who sometimes comes here; but she could do nothing with it, being always rather poor at analysis. My better authority I have not been able to consult ; he lives twelve miles away.

But I will try with this to write Prof. W.F.Ganong, the highest authority there is on place names and get him to

write you directly. I feel that will give you perfectly authoritative informati on.

My reason for not relying too much upon Laurent's statement is that the Nat. Standard Dict. , which he often quotes in his list, is very faulty. For example, it gives Piscataqua as "great deer river", whereas anyone can see that it it refers to the forking, or branching of the streams at the great Bay. I see nothing in Umbagog meaning "shallow"

It has been a hard, cold winter here; but a fine one. No winter birds here at all except a flight of goshawks early in the season.

I am sorry to be so long in getting you this bit of information. I ought to have referred it at once to Prof. Gannng instead of trying to clear it up myself.

Most sincerely,

Fannie H. Eckstorm

91 South Street
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Feb 10. 1918

My dear Mr. Brewster, —

Prof. Fanning has sent me a copy of his note to you — Unhappy. He has done about what I did it — given it up. But a new idea has come to me which I will send to him & which may result in something. I surmise that the puzzling UM may be 'M — which sometimes is equivalent

& Pene or Bene, meaning "extended" and
Pseudogyg might mean "extension still
intern," but is a large yellow lobe — so you
may get more by waiting.

Robins here in a flock all winter!
Saw them yesterday on the house roofs drinking
from gutters & enjoying the melting snow. They
were here before Xmas and it was —15°
since. Food is wild berries, sourwood, Jap.
barberries, etc. No chickadees here all winter!
Chestnut sparrows. Last year I saw here the
Hudsonian chickadee & spent hours the Brewster
species Rehfoil. Sincerely, Jami H. Richardson

911 Smith St., Portsmouth, N.H.
Nov 14, 1918

My Dear Brewster, -

Yours of the 8th was forwarded me by my brother and reached me yesterday & I return it rather "battered" & mended & as Pinkie once said of one of his own pieces of work.

But inasmuch as part of

the was my own. I felt that it would make your printed page look much better if I made the quotation run continuously. So I removed some of the breaks and quotes. When I wrote you I forgot that I was likely to be quoted literally. I think the arrangement will be better.

Also I <u>underscore</u> the

Indian words and put in the hyphens correctly. They matter much in Indian words. Having a copy of Prof. Jamieson's notes I could follow his copy.

Yes, my <u>bague</u> was the same as the professor's <u>bagak</u>, <u>bakak</u>. I spelled it so pronounced instead of using diacritical marks. Now, however, I have changed it

to BĀG, PĀK to correspond more nearly with Prof. Sarnoff's forms. Our Indians are inclined to make two syllables of it, perhaps including the connection which binds it to the next syllable; but it is the same word.

Can you read my line 5?

—"has the root bāg or pāk, still water, in it"

I am sorry not to have a [illegible] here to do so [illegible]

on more nearly.

My brother wrote me yesterday from Bremen that he measured 40 inches of packed snow on his cord wood piles this week and 6 or 8 inches more had fallen since. Almost four feet of snow at Bangor!

Dr. Hunt, of the Macmillan party, says the "Arctic" has nothing on Bangor this year" -

One neighbor there reports
his thermometer at 7 a.m.
averaging -70° every day
between Dec 2 and Feb 2.
One morning in one spot
near home at 5 a.m. a
thermometer registered -50°.
Most of time at 7 a.m. runs
from -35° to -40°. So it has
gone from cold to colder; and
a fine Feb winter all other

same.

Our chickadees have come back here (in Patterson) after being gone all winter. Where to? I told Reyce to daily report as finding down the Pleasantgap. He is seen repeatedly from the house. Black ducks are being fed by the game commissioner to keep them from starving.

Etc – etc –

I incline to think my MM = PEM a good guess not born out based from the professor – Robertson Moore?, Francis M. Schott

911 South St
Portsmouth N.H.
Nov 20. 1918

Dear Mr. Brewster —

Replying to yours of the 17th.

The "suicide" might well stand if Prof. Young does not wrestle to or the head with hard facts. I should let it go as it is, only changing the present "extends" to "~~extension~~" "Pgm a Bcm, indicating extension". I prefer not to be caught on a grammatical form. Am not sure whether Pgm a Bcm is

participial & adjectival,
hence this change would
be protection. Otherwise
I am free to use the
extract from the letter as
quoted till the "Professor" gets me"

I went down to the Public
Library yesterday on purpose to see
if I couldn't meet up something
in the "State Papers" relating to
Lundegog. It is a small chance,
because I am pretty familiar
with them. Found that Goal-
saving had struck the library so
hard that it did not open till
1 P.M. It was clear enough that

a storm was due before that time and I decided I'd better not kill time waiting for the likely to open. I got home, a mile away, just five minutes before the storm opened up — and glad was I to be a dry and of the route, for it was a heavy, driving rain.

I'll try again on Umbagog though the chances are any "aspirin" names are small in the later documents. There are many aboriginal forms are lost.

As to Magalloway, please do not forget that I know nothing

about it! Nevertheless I incline to think it was an ordinary place name. And I see no great difficulty in its being some metathesis with a location name like "Waytosh" which was partly dropped. These names vary so loosely, would you fancy that the same man could be known (in documents by the Indians) as K'tolaqua, Tolek, Pahmus, Umbahinus, J. Hornes, Bulahmoos, &c.; yet Ol chief Osmo seems to have possessed all of those aliases. Nearly every

is possible in these Indian names. But the impossible has a curious way of sneaking in occasionally and tripping one who theorizes. So I think I must theorize on the Magalloway proposition till I know more.

I hunted up Andrescoggin for the professor pretty well and think it refers to abundance of fish of some sort. Sassacus on was one form I found. And just

there come in, this thing as

professor has seen venable

& convince me about. He

took it that Damariscotta (Sea)

was named for some Damerell,

an English Sailor with a pirate

& Capt John Smith. I agree

there. It was "Damerell's

Cove" probably, — strange English.

But when he made out

Damariscotta to be (see

theoretically) Damerell's

Cutter [Kiss] — I quit the

game. Nor did the presence

there of a settler ~~a Indian~~ named

John Otter, help me to see light. NB, [illegible]

I still believe Dannisetter has something in common with Daniel-Sagan (Androscoggin) and that an Indian who they said to me for Mahdahmes-contag ("plenty of deerives") gave me the right track.

But that is the only subject on which I have ventured to set up an opinion against Prof. Gerard. He has a wonderful store of facts to call on.

I suppose you have looked up
hunting in Lithgow — Douglas's
book on Indian place names.
It might possibly occur there,
though it is not probable.

No squirrels seem here, nor
is Bunge. Weather-bitten,
I think. My niece in
Smith College writes that the
other day a bird came down the
chimney of the Gillette House,
she found it was starling. Let
it go. (Under the circumstances one
has to treat the detestable thing
with humanity!) Also she saw
"a little tan-colored owl" sitting much
the other day in a hole in an elm tree
near. I presume it was a screech
Giving my cordial
Fannie H. Eckstorm

911 South St.
Portsmouth, N. H.
Feb 20, 1918

Dear Mr. Brewster:

I have been twice to the Public Library here hunting on the Umbagog problem. My facts, which probably are the same as Prof. Ganong's, are few.

N. H. State Papers, vol. VII: 14.
1773 — Petition of Nathaniel Rogers of Oxford for a township

of land near Umbagog Lake
read & granted -

Ibid. vol. XXIV 1790.

Charter of Cambridge granted
by George III to Nathaniel
Rogers and 73 others, May 19,
1773. Umbagog L. named
here incorrectly -
p. 503 - plan of same

Ibid. XVIII 1808 -
James — Magalloway River,
Umbagogue L.; Androscoggin.
Survey of 1790.

Ibid - Vol XXIV. Map in pocket at end of paper in part from survey just mentioned, of which I send a tracing. Stated it is Umbagog Lake. Two islands found.

But the plan gives me an idea. The Androscoggin runs in a very peculiar way between Umbagog & other lakes, something quite peculiar - I suggest to the professor this new theory: Perhaps the Umb-bagog is a form of Amb-bagog, which

We find in Ambiyapis, Ambeyamachonus, Apmoyevegenorth, etc. meaning "at one side", "by the side", etc. It may mean "still water by the side [of the river]", or "still water, both sides of river". Something of that sort would be a good description.

Our great trouble is lack of any records. So far I have unearthed nothing. There would be a chance in Mass. archives if Prof. Emerson has not gone through them too closely.

With time I think we could solve this problem.

Hurley but sincerely
Francis H. Eckstorm

Thank you for the trouble you have taken with my questions. I would like the date of the Bubo v. Hachiches if you should have it, but if not just to know that it was not yours. As the only other collectors, unless Fraser who could have taken it were Anthony, Belding & Lorquin Miller, I think I can learn it to earth yet. They will have their lists to refer to.

I will not press the matter of the nomenclature of the owls. I think that nervous dyspepsia

(no true owl wise has it-) is quite enough for Mr. Oberholzer (who is thereby differentiated from all the other owls), while for your own whitening of the beard and hair there is no remedy but that of a youthful heart. Where that can be successfully maintained year after year, as you appear to be able to do it, the public will be slow to believe your complicity in the dreadful temples of Bubo and Scopo-megascopo-asio-what not. There's nothing like a youthful heart for belying the marks of time. I

know that I am in an "advanced
youth" myself when I consider my
own grey hairs.

Today I have no quarrel about the
owls. I have been working on ptarmigan
and quail and I am hot on the trail
of the sinners who first did and
then undid quails and ptarmigan.
There are names without birds
and birds without names for me.
I'm working with atlas and reports
and pamphlets to try to make out
the simple quail, and it is a
weary labor. If it were not for
having the most authentic labels
on the ptarmigan they would be
utterly hopeless. As it is I have

them settled. Mrs. Welch, yourself, Emerson, Turner, Aiken & Carter & Breckinridge behind my ptarmigans I feel sure of them. Yet I have a beautiful pair of quails, allied to Gambel's but quite distinct, both male & female, for which there is no name. They came from the Colorado Desert & were once called L. g. decticola. I can see no reason for dropping them if there were typical. Then there is another from Salt Lake proposed as new — now nowhere —

For my own soul's sake I have to work things out if I can, but with no libraries & no series for comparison it is bitter work at times & the A.O.U. never calls for what is done with birds discarded. Sincerely yours,

Fannie H. Eckstorm